The Saturday Evening Post

Established Aug. 4, 1821. | HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers, No. 319 Walnut St., Philad'a. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1870. | Price $2.50 A Year, in Advance. Single Number 6 Cents. | Whole Number Issued, 2527.

WE MORTALS DREAM.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

We mortals dream of Heaven,
That place of perfect rest,
We fondly hope to see
The regions of the blest.

We hope, 'mid all the ills,
The crosses and the care
That crowd this lower life,
A better life to share.

We dream of pearly gates
Open to welcome in
Our spirits, freed, redeemed
From earth, pollution, sin.

We dream of streets of gold,
Of mansions rich and fair,
Of robes more costly far
Than earthly monarchs wear.

We dream of cooling streams,
Of blossoms fading never;
We dream of Christ, of Heaven,
Of peace and joy forever.

We mortals dream! Ah, who
Shall find these visions real?
Who the true Heaven see?
Who only the ideal? GENEVA.

A FAMILY-FAILING.

EDITED BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT,

AUTHOR OF "ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON," "BETWEEN TWO," &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by H. Peterson & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

XXIX.

NETTIE AND NELL.

Haven't I been put through my catechism, at the Temples! All about Ruth? Is she pretty? Is she stylish? How does she dress her hair? Are her dresses very much gored? etc., and so on. Bob says he'll "bet she's a beauty," I'm so "sulky about answering"—and is going "to find out for himself about it." I used to think Robert Temple quite nice. I had no idea he would turn out such a hateful beast.

* * * * *

Bob has been to see Ruth, and has *found out for himself*, that she is a regular stunner.

"Carrick's completely gone," he says.

"When did he go?" I asked, with an appearance of great surprise.

"But I mean to cut him out." Bob continued, taking no notice of me or my remark.

"I should like to see you 'cut out' Lord Carrick!" said I.

"You'll see it," said Bob. "She was pretty sweet upon me."

"She's 'sweet' upon every man."

"There's nothing to cut out," interposed Mattie. "Lord Carrick's engaged."

"And engaged to Ruth, herself," said I, triumphantly.

"That can't be," said Bob; "for she said to-day, she hadn't seen him before now, for seven years."

"They may have corresponded," said I. "All I know is what he told me himself."

"I guess that was to stop you from making up to him," retorted Bob, with a grin.

"Robert Temple"—I began, and then stopped. I was so angry I thought I should suffocate.

Mattie began to laugh. Mrs. Temple shook her head at her beautiful boy.

"You shouldn't make disagreeable remarks, Robert," said she.

"He shouldn't tell lies, you mean," said I, for I knew her hateful ways, and felt that she insinuated that the remark was disagreeable, because true.

"Lie, is a very unlady-like word, Miss Eleanor."

"Then it suits the ungentlemanly subject."

"You had better keep silence, Robert, when tempers are so uncertain," remarked Mrs. Temple, with an angry wag of the head.

"If one keeps silence, one doesn't expose one's temper," said I; and, having had the last word, I marched off, to meditate in my own chamber, wishing I were anywhere else, except at Aunt Julia's.

* * * * *

Every day I have to hear about Ruth, from Bob, who parades his growing intimacy, and hints that Carrick is terrifically jealous." I feel sure that Ruth plays off Bob against his lordship—that being an ancient peculiarity of hers.

Mattie has inaugurated a great intimacy with Ruth, "*for Bob's sake*," she says. Perhaps she thinks she can help Bob to cut out Lord Carrick, and then step in for his lordship herself. There are riding-parties, and carriage-parties, and boating-parties. I am always invited—but I never go. Ruth seems equally desirous to avoid me, for she never accepts any invitation to lunch or dine here, having always a headache or being "in a great hurry," on the receipt of such. I guess she has given Mattie reasons for her repeated refusals, for she sighs over—"divisions in families"—and says "both sides must be wrong," meaning, I suppose, there must be wrong on both sides.

I should be quite lonely, were it not for Annette, who evidently prefers my society to that of any one else, since she always stays at home with me, instead of going with them. We have a pet place at the foot of the garden, where we carry our books and work, and sit by the hour together. Annette reads aloud very prettily, though she doesn't understand all she reads. When she reads aloud, I supply notes, here and there, and thus she gets a good deal of information; and it amuses me at the same time, and makes me feel that I am of some importance to somebody.

We call our place of retirement, our "Refuge;" and had hoped that no one would find it out. But Bob, who is always "nosing around," discovered it, and tries to torment us about it. It is down by a brook, where there are large trees, growing in a knot, as it were, make a nice half-circle, as a back to our cushions of moss; and a curtain also, being all wound and intertwined with clematis. We first knew that Bob had found us out, by discovering a large placard, upon which was printed in enormous letters—Old Mutis' Retreat—nailed to our beloved trees. Since then, Bob has occasionally condescended to visit us in our retreat, when Ruth would not be available, entertaining us with "full, true, and particular" accounts of all the riding, boating, and carriage parties.

"I think you girls are great fools not to come too," he would say; "I wish you would come, and take up Carrick's attention, so that I might have Ruth to myself, once in a while."

"Is he very devoted?" I would ask.

"Regularly spooney." Then Bob would insinuate that "Carrick is nowhere," when *he* is around; and that he bores Ruth, who is too polite to let him know it.

"Ruth will never be bored by the society of a '*lord*,' unless a duke or a marquis should present himself," I said, and Bob went off, whistling.

* * * * *

We were in our retreat to-day, when we heard a rustling in the bushes.

"There's Bob!" said Annette.

The leafy-screen parted, and Lord Carrick's head presented itself through the opening, like a Jack-in-the-Green.

"May I be permitted?" he asked.

"Ruth isn't here," was my response.

"Isn't she? I thought you and she were inseparable."

I could make no reply to this. In the first place I was wondering why he was there; and, in the second place, I could think of nothing particular spicy.

He came forward and seated himself, not in the orthodox fashion, at our feet, but on a projecting root of the trees; threw his hat, which he had removed when he first saw us, upon the ground, and looking up, asked,

"Where is Ruth?"

"I am sure *I* don't know," I responded.

"Hasn't she been to visit your 'Refuge?'"

"I haven't seen her, to-day."

"She will make her appearance, before long."

"I don't doubt it—if *you* stay."

"I will stay, then."

I took up my work, which I had let fall on my lap, and began to sew very busily. He bent forward, and possessed himself of the book from which I had been reading.

"Shakspeare! Do you two young ladies retire into the woods to read Shakspeare?"

"No," I said. He looked at me. "This is most certainly Shakspeare."

"And this is most certainly not in the woods."

"You would 'cavil on the ninth part of a hair,' like Hotspur. What were you reading? As You Like It! You are right to read that in the open air. If you read it in the house the contrast of four walls with the breezy breath of the forest that blows through the pages is stifling. Where did you leave off?"

"At—'*I pray we may be better strangers*,' and I echo the sentiment," said I.

"I pray you mar no more of (those) verses by reading them ill-favoredly," quoted his lordship. Then he went on and finished the scene. I tried hard not to listen, but found it impossible to do otherwise, he read so delightfully.

"I like to hear you read better than I like to hear you talk," I remarked when he had closed the book.

"I *could* make you like to hear me talk."

I shook my head.

"But I don't choose to."

"That is fortunate," I said with sarcastic intonation.

"I like to hear *you* talk," he went on.

"You have not had many chances to listen to me."

"Not as many as I would wish. Why do you make such a nun of yourself?"

"Because you are a monk—ey."

"That's silly. You *can* talk sense, can't you?"

"When I'm not dolorous."

"I detest puns."

"I like to *punish* you."

"Go on, fair inquisitor. Many before me have been tortured by the '*Maiden*.'"

"Annette, this is getting stupid. Let's go into the house."

"You had better stay here with me. *Ruth won't like it.*"

"Do you come out here to tease Ruth?"

"Certainly. Do you suppose I would bore myself without a purpose?"

"Annette, lets leave this borer to his old trees."

"No, if you are going in I will go, too. Ruth won't like *that*."

"Annette, *are* you coming?"

"Yes, Eleanor, if you'll wait 'til I fasten my thread."

"I am going this instant."

"Pray go. Nette and I will follow. A pretty brace of names, Nette and Nell!"

"*I* am *Miss Rupell*."

"I beg your pardon, *Ruth* is *Miss Rupell*."

He stayed to luncheon. I knew he would, because—"Ruth would not like *that*," and, I am happy to say that I was as disagreeable as I possibly could be. But he did not seem to care, amusing himself with Annette, very much as if she had been a kitten. Of course he didn't care. All he wanted was to tease Ruth, who, knowing him to have been here, would naturally imagine *me* to be the attraction, for—yes—I *do* know more than Annette, and—*I*—*am*—better looking.

* * * * *

I told Annette that his lordship had been making catspaws of us. "Catspaws!" she repeated, opening her eyes very wide. "He *did* squeeze my hand once—a very little."

"He did, did he? The pig!"

"I—didn't mind it. His fingers are as soft as velvet."

"Don't be an idiot, Annette."

"Idiot, yourself!" said Annette, as children retort.

This was this morning.

LANDSCAPE IN TROPICAL AFRICA, WITH SPECIMENS OF THE WONDERFUL TABLE TREE.

About 1,000 miles north from the Cape of Good Hope, on the western side of Africa, there is an extensive district of sterile country extending northwards to the Portuguese settlement to Benguela. This region is almost, if not altogether, rainless. Heavy dews fall at night, and supply the little moisture required by the scanty vegetation, which consists of a few plants, specially fitted by their organization to endure the continuous rays of a tropical sun poured down from a cloudless sky. The exposure of one of our plants to such a sun for even a few minutes would evaporate every particle of moisture it contained, and wither it up into a dead, dry, friable skeleton. But these strange plants, from the great thickness of the skin which covers their leaves, and the structure of the stomates, are able to resist the action of the most powerful rays of the sun, and to retain the little moisture they require for the necessities of their life.

Among the few plants scattered over these arid sandy plains is one which its describer has properly called *mirabilis*, as it is one of the most wonderful plants anywhere to be found on the surface of the earth. It was discovered in the year 1860 by the eminent scientific traveller, Dr. Welwitsch, whose name has been associated with it by Dr. Hooker in commemoration of his successful botanical explorations in Central Africa.

The Welwitschia Mirabilis is a tree which lives for many years, some specimens being estimated by their discoverer as at least a hundred years old, and which every year of its life increases in size, yet never grows higher. Rising just above the ground, this strange plant, looking like a rough roundish table, regularly enlarges by adding concentric layers to its circumference. The flat upper surface of the trunk is very hard and dark, resembling in color and texture the crust of an over-baked loaf. In shape it is a somewhat compressed disc, with a more or less deep groove running through the centre of its longest diameter, and dividing it into two lobes. It is marked with a number of concentric ridges studded with circular pits which have been produced by the fallen fruit-stalks. Each new ridge or concentric layer supports a large number of fruits, in the form of beautifully regular and bright scarlet cones, somewhat resembling the fruits of the fir-trees of our forests, to which trees the Welwitschia, though so different in aspect, has a very close affinity. Sometimes, in old plants, the margins of the lobes are very much split. The trunk attains a size of from fourteen to eighteen feet in circumference, but is never more than a few inches above the ground. It gradually tapers downwards, forming a large tap-root, which penetrates several feet into the ground.

When the young plant springs from the seed it sends up two small green leaves corresponding to the first seed-leaves of the oak or beech. But in our trees, and in all other plants, these first leaves, having performed their part in the growth of the plant, decay and disappear, and are succeeded by numerous others of shapes peculiar to the different plants to which they belong. The Welwitschia is a singular and remarkable exception to this otherwise universal rule. It never loses its two first leaves, and it never gets any more. Imagine a frog always remaining in its tadpole state, with external gills, a long swimming tail, and no legs, yet growing to the size of a large frog. Such a creature would be in the animal kingdom as great an anomaly as the Welwitschia is in the vegetable kingdom. The plant is really an infant tree, attaining the age of a hundred years, yet never getting rid of its early imperfect condition. The leaves rise from two deep grooves in the outer margin of the trunk, one springing from each lobe. They increase in size year after year with the growth of the plant until, in the larger specimens, they attain a length of six feet or even more. They are quite flat, long, very leathery, and frequently split into numerous straps, that lie curling upon the surface of the barren soil.

A less inviting landscape can scarcely be imagined than the sandy desert sparsely covered with short dry grass and scattered specimens of this extraordinary plant, looking more like the remains of some ancient forest which had been cleared by the axe of the settler, than a collection of complete and living plants. For a time, when they are in perfection, the short branches of bright scarlet cones which cover the crown of the stem relieve the dismal monotony. With all its strange peculiarities—and, indeed, chiefly because of them—the Welwitschia is singularly adapted to the physical conditions under which it lives.

"I shan't go out to the Refuge if that's the way you talk to me," Annette continued.

"Oh! no! stay here—and perhaps Lord Carrick will come and squeeze your hand again."

Annette began to cry. I snatched up a book, and rushed to the Refuge to get out of the hearing of her sobs. Some one was there before me. Lord Carrick himself!

"Good-morning," he said quietly.

I appeared neither to see nor hear him. Taking possession of my favorite seat, I opened my book and pretended to be absorbed by its contents. "As I am alone I may as well indulge in a cigar," he said as if talking to himself—took one from the breast-pocket of his coat, lighted it, and throwing himself down along the ground, contrived to imprison a portion of my skirt beneath his elbow, so that I could not stir if I had wished to. Fortunately I am very fond of the odor of a good cigar, so the only thing that disturbed me was the possibility of some one happening upon us while occupying these relative positions. But no one came, and I read—or seemed to read—and his lordship finished his cigar, and then appeared to meditate. Was he meditating? I bent a little forward, and peeped over the top of my book at his face. Just then he turned it suddenly, and his eyes met mine.

"Bopeep!" said he.

I couldn't help laughing, it was so absurd. He changed his position so as to face me. Very awkward for me.

"We must make a pretty picture," said he; "I wish some one could see us."

"Ruth?"

"Yes; Ruth."

"How long are you going to stay here?"

"Until I am tired of your society."

"You have no business here."

"As much as you have. Neither of us own any part of the place. You are staying here. I have been staying here. Equal rights, you see."

"I wish to go in."

"Go!"

"But your elbow is on my skirt."

"I don't wish to soil my coat."

"Will you take it off?"

"And appear before a lady in my shirt-sleeves?"

I laughed again, and yet I was very angry. Then the tears came into my eyes. I tried to keep them back, but one shot through my eye-lashes, and fell plump upon his face. He started. I was enraged at myself, now, but I could not help it. I put both hands before my face, and sobbed like a baby.

I was conscious that he had risen and was sitting beside me—that he had even touched my hands as if to soothe me. I uncovered my face, and finding his bent near mine as I did so, struck it with all my force, as I would have struck a knife into him had I had one in my hand. I was mad with rage. He caught my hands in both his. "What a temper!" he said. I darted my head towards his detaining hands, and bit one of them as hard as I could. He did not speak—he did not even loosen his grasp, and yet I had broken the skin. He looked at me as I raised my head. "Anger makes you ugly," he said. I panted, unable to speak. "Don't you feel ashamed of yourself?" he asked. "Do you see what you have done, bad child. *You have bitten the hand that Ruth kissed.*" He looked into my eyes as he spoke, and, bending forward, "I forgive you, for I love you," he said

A sense of mad triumph took possession of me. I saw it all. *I* had won what Ruth had striven for in vain. Her conqueror was at *my* feet; her treasure waiting *my* acceptance. He released my hands. I let them fall on my lap. I was still bewildered; but my senses were so sharpened that his light breathing sounded to me like the panting of a runner in a race. I raised my eyes at last, and he was looking at me—a smile upon his lips. He looked up, quickly, above my head. I followed the direction of his eyes, and there was Ruth, looking at us through the clustering vines, held back by one large white arm, and dimpled, tapering hand, her eyes as yellow as a tiger's, looking through the tangles of a jungle.

"Here is your cousin, Ruth," said his lordship, quietly.

His calmness infected me, and then my triumph made me feel secure.

"Won't you come in and take a seat?" I inquired, graciously, wondering how much she had heard—how much she knew.

"Take my place," said his lordship, rising, "and let me sit at your feet."

She looked from him to me, questioningly. The coolness of both seemed to quiet her suspicions. "I hope I haven't interrupted a tete-a-tete," she said.

"*I* will forgive you," said Lord Carrick.

Then she saw the marks upon his hand, and asked, quickly, "What is that?"

"Only the bite of a snake that I was charming."

She glanced from him to me. "I don't understand."

"Don't you," he said; "now, shall I continue my reading?"

"Have you been reading something very pathetic?" she asked, glancing at the book as he took it up.

He held the volume towards her, opened at "Coriolanus."

"Oh! that is the reason she was crying?"

"I don't understand how any one can cry over a book," said his lordship. "Let us see if this will make *you* weep."

While he was reading, Ruth sat with her

eyes bent upon the ground. How they glittered, and how flushed her cheeks were.

XXX.

(Narrative, supplied by the Editor.)

"YOU SHALL NEVER MARRY HER."

Notwithstanding Lord Carrick's apparent calmness, he was really very anxious to discover how much of the little scene in the "Refuge" Ruth had witnessed, and during his walk home with her, he was continually asking himself, "How long had she been there when I looked up?"

Ruth did not say much, but when she did speak it was in her usual sweet tone, and with her old winning way; but there was a certain vibration in her voice that might have warned him, as the trembling of Vesuvius does the dwellers at its foot; and the hand that rested on his arm carved itself with a rigidity that was not natural to those pliant fingers—that round and flexible wrist. It was a bright, glowing sunset, and the air palpitated with the August heat, but Ruth complained of being chilled, and shivered on his arm, and yet her color was more brilliant than usual. Lord Carrick told her so, looking down at her admiringly, as he spoke. She had a black lace veil thrown, Spanish-fashion, over her bright dishevelled hair, and under its soft shadow her eyes blazed and her cheeks bloomed with wonderful effect.

"And you are beautiful to-night," he softly added.

She turned to him with a gesture that made him start. "If I am beautiful, why do you not love me?" she said.

"That is no question for a woman to ask of a man."

"Not ordinarily. But the relation in which we stand to each other is no common one. You have known that I loved you, and knowing it, you have given me every proof of affection, but—but asking me to be your wife." Then she blushed deeply, intensely, for unwomanly as her advances were, she was still woman enough to blush at what she did not scruple to utter.

"My dear Ruth, how can a man help kissing a woman who is constantly adoring him, and never makes objections to his doing so?"

"How could I make objections when I love you?"

"Your reasons are nothing to me. I always take the good things offered me and ask no questions."

"I always knew you to be selfish," said Ruth, in a low voice, as if speaking to herself, "but I thought I could make you love me."

"I do love you. I love all beautiful woman, but—I do not wish to marry you."

"You do not wish to marry at all?"

"I did not say that."

"Listen; if you wish to marry at all, why do you not marry me? You say I am beautiful. I know I have no ordinary mind. I am yet young. I shine in society. I should be an ornament to your title—"

"Ruth, you are very charming to make love to—but I should not like you as a wife."

"Why?"

"You have too much of the tigress in you."

"No more than Eleanor Rupell."

"Perhaps not."

I witnessed the *whole* of that little scene. I thought then it was only your habit, but now I know you were in earnest. But—*you shall never marry her.*"

"Do you intend to poison her?"

"No—but *I wish I could—safely.* If I hear you are going to marry her, I shall tell her—this." She raised her lips to his ear and whispered in it. He did not start, nor falter in his usual free and graceful step. He was always pale, so in the soft moonlight could be seen no change in his complexion, but he was silent for a full minute's space, and then he ejaculated—"Nonsense!"

"It is not nonsense. You were seen, you were recognised."

"Permit me to suggest that, the next time you arrange such a little plot, you provide yourself with *proof.* And know that a woman who threatens never advances her cause with any man. But, Ruth, since all this was said for the love of me (they were at the gate now) I forgive you, and good-night, my darling."

She let him take her in his arms and kiss her on the brow and lips, and when he released her, she clung to him and sobbed upon his shoulder. Then flinging herself from him, she bounded up the gravelled walk, and when he opened the hall-door had disappeared.

(Eleanor's Diary.)

Lord Carrick has not been here to-day. How strange, after what passed yesterday! It can't be that he thought he had won me in that easy way, or that Ruth—I wonder how much she saw—I believe her capable of anything, even of—*murder.* Oh! if—I would hunt her to the end of the world, and tear her heart out when I had found her.

* * * * * *

Mattie saw him this morning. He was out riding with Ruth, and she says Ruth looked like a queen on horseback. I wonder if she looked like Queen Bess, stiff old thing!

* * * * * * * * *

He has not been here to-day. What could he have meant by telling me he loved me—and, no more? To be sure, we were interrupted, and I had said nothing, but I did not look displeased, and they say that "silence gives consent." Could he have thought me too lightly won? I don't think he could tell if I were won or not. But why should he say that—and no more? Why did he come here at all? I never sought him. Was it to tease Ruth?—and did he know that Ruth was watching him all the while? I wish I knew. Could he have arranged it all to punish me for my treatment of him? I asked Mattie how he seemed. Very gay. Was he as devoted to Ruth as ever? This question made Mattie cross, so I am sure he was. She wouldn't say so, however. Did he inquire for me? No, Mattie said, and looked so surprised that I changed the conversation.

* * * * * * * *

Another day has passed without seeing him. I went out to the "Refuge," thinking he *might* be there, but he wasn't. Then I looked for a note. I thought there might be one hidden in the hollow of a tree, or under a stone, as I have read of people doing, but none was there. I don't feel sorry, but very, very angry. I know he means to insult me, but I shan't let him know that I take the insult.

* * * * *

Annette and I were out driving to-day in the pony carriage, and we met him and Ruth driving also. I bowed to both as naturally as I could, and with a smile for Ruth. She looked surprised. I saw it, although she did not raise her eyebrows, or round her eyes. I did not see how he looked—I merely glanced at him.

* * * * *

He called to-day—with Ruth. Ruth had arranged a pic-nic party. Would I go? No. My reply rhymed, but it gave no reason, neither would I. She must content herself with my simple negative. His lordship expressed his regret very politely, and was so much at his ease that I felt provoked. "When are you coming to the 'Refuge' again?" I asked him.

"When it suits me," said he.

"You had better come when it suits me."

"When will that be?"

"Never."

How Mrs. Temple opened her eyes!

"We are affectionate cousins—that-are-to-be, are we not, Mrs. Temple?" I said. "But relations never agree, you know."

His lordship smiled, and smoothed down his moustache.

"Am I to congratulate you, my lord?" said Mrs. Temple.

"I think I am to be congratulated."

"When is it to be?"

"In a very short time."

"And the lady?"

"Is present."

"My dear Miss Rupell!" said Mrs. Temple.

I never saw any one blush as Ruth did—up to her temples and down to her very fingers' ends—then she grew as pale as she had been red, and looked towards Lord Carrick. He answered her look by a smile. The color rushed into her face again, again she grew pale, and putting her hand slowly to her side, her head drooped, and she fainted away. Such a shower of exclamations as there was! Mrs. Temple was loud in her expression of wonder. "Persons who have affections of the heart are liable to such attacks," was his lordship's explanation. She came to her senses almost immediately upon application of the proper remedies, and was sent home in the Temples' carriage. As the carriage disappeared, I rushed to the "Refuge" to think over what had happened, but all my thoughts resolved themselves into this sentence, mentally repeated again and again—"Lord Carrick is to marry Ruth Rupell." After I had said this to myself about a hundred times, I added—"And Eleanor Rupell has been fooled."

It is pleasant to sit down and say to one's self—I have been made a fool of—very pleasant. I found it so; and while I was mentally engaged myself, a member of the Inquisition, putting Lord Carrick to the torture, a shadow fell across my lap. I looked up, and there he was before me!

"I have come to finish what I began to say to you the other day," he said. "I love you—and—will you be my bridesmaid? I see you have been mistaken, as well as Ruth."

"*I* did not faint away."

"No. She loves me, and you do not. But I think you will."

"Do you? When?"

"When we are married. Listen. I have but a short time in which to speak. You must have thought my silence very strange. But, Ruth saw all, made me speak, and—threatened to kill you."

"To kill me?" My horror, my dread of Ruth, and belief in her power of evil were such that I rose instinctively to fly.

"I had to persuade her that I had given up all thought of you. I couldn't go near you to warn you, for fear of arousing her suspicions; but now I take the first time that I can call my own in these few days to ask you to leave England with me as my wife."

I steadied myself on my feet. I was conscious of but two things—Ruth wished to kill me, Lord Carrick to marry me. By doing the last, I should escape the first. "When?" I asked.

"To-night. What do you say?"

"Yes. And Aunt Julia?—"

"We cannot take her into our confidence until afterward. It would not be safe."

"No; Ruth might—"

"I shall not feel that you are safe until I get you out of England. Then I can watch over you, and from that time it will be my pleasure, as well as my duty."

"You are not going? Don't leave me; pray, don't leave me!"

"Not if you will come to the Church with me now. I told the Reverend Doctor I might have some business for him, and he promised to wait my pleasure."

In half an hour from that time I became Lady Carrick. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE IRON DUKE.—Great misapprehension prevails concerning the origin of this *sobriquet.* The fact is it arose out of the building of an iron steamboat which plied between Liverpool and Dublin, and which its owners called "The Duke of Wellington." The term Iron Duke was first applied to the vessel; and by-and-by, rather in jest than in earnest, it was transferred to the Duke himself. It had no reference whatever, certainly at the outset, to any peculiarities, or assumed peculiarities, in the Duke's disposition.

☞ A lady writes to the London Standard, saying that scarlet fever and kindred diseases may be treated successfully by means of the Turkish bath. One of her children, aged four, being attacked by scarlet fever, was wheeled in a perambulator to a Turkish bath, and was much better when she returned home. For four successive mornings she underwent the same process, and the progress of the disease was rapid and satisfactory. In the meantime, this amiable lady, while curing her own child, spread the scarlet fever over London, where it is still raging to an alarming degree.

☞ The Territorial Legislature of Wyoming, has passed a bill and the Governor has signed it, according to women the right to vote on the same condition as men. It is hinted, however, that it is a little dodge to induce females to emigrate to the territory, the article being dreadfully scarce out there! But this action of the Legislature unfortunately is not final. It must be approved by Congress, which will bring the whole subject of woman suffrage before that body. In the meantime, Wyoming would be a good place for the Miss Anthonys, Mrs. Stantons, &c., to emigrate to.

☞ We see it stated that Elihu Green, convicted of setting fire to the court-house at Kingwood, Preston Co., W. Va., was allowed to choose hanging or imprisonment for life, and selected the former. Judgment was accordingly pronounced, the time for execution being fixed for Jan. 28.

☞ Two couples indulged in a waltzing match at Pittsburg, Pa., the other evening, for a prize. They kept up the dance for five hours, when one of the ladies fainted. The girls had to have their shoes cut from their feet, and their limbs were swollen next day to an enormous size.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JAN'Y 1, 1870.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one extra) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order.* If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $1.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $40—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

RENEW IN TIME!

Our subscribers whose terms expire at the end of the year, would oblige us very much by renewing their subscriptions as early as possible. They would thus prevent the delay in forwarding their papers, which is apt to occur at the beginning of the new year, owing to the large amount of work which is thrown at that time upon our clerks. It would also have a tendency to prevent those mistakes which often result from a great pressure of business.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE FAMILY DOOM; OR, THE SIN OF A COUNTESS. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philada.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY FOR JANUARY. Published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston.

THE OLD GUARD FOR JANUARY. Published by Van Evrie, Horton & Co., New York.

MIRTHFULNESS AND ITS EXCITERS; OR, RATIONAL LAUGHTER AND ITS PROMOTERS. By B. F. CLARK, Pastor of the Congregational Church, North Chelmsford, Mass., from 1839 to 1869. Mirth and laughter are promotive both of health of mind and of body. Probably a man who could make the people of these United States laugh ten times where they now do once, would do more good than fifty moral-reform societies and half the physicians to boot. Americans will never become a round and wholesome people until they learn to take life more cheerfully, not to say merrily. The present volume seems to be full of pleasant and mirth-inspiring anecdotes, and is doubtless just such a book as it is good to have lying around. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co. Phila.

OLD AND NEW. Still another Magazine of the first class—devoted to a consideration of all important questions. The January number, the first, now before us, contains articles by Fred. Ingham, H. W. Bellows, Robert Collyer, J. F. Clarke, Mrs. Howe, &c. Published by H. O. Houghton & Co., Boston; and also for sale by the Central News Company, 505 Chestnut St., Phila.

THE AMERICAN HORTICULTURAL ANNUAL. THE AMERICAN AGRICULTURAL ANNUAL. Both of these are published by Orange Judd & Co., New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

☞ One hundred years ago it required six months to fix quicksilver on glass; it can now be accomplished in forty minutes.

☞ "She died," said Polly, "and was never seen again, for she was buried in the ground where the trees grow." "The cold ground?" said the child, shuddering again. "No, the warm ground," returned Polly, "where the ugly little seeds are turned into beautiful flowers, and where good people turn into angels and fly away to heaven."—*Dickens.*

☞ Dr. Chalmers says: "The little that I have seen in the world, and know of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon their errors in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it passed through—the brief pulsations of joy, the tears of regret, the feebleness of purpose, the scorn of the world that has little charity, the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and threatening voices within, health gone, happiness gone—I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-man with Him from whose hands it came."

☞ During the last fiscal year, 760,000,000 letters passed through the United States mails—forty millions more than during any previous year, and an average of twenty for every man, woman and child in the land.

☞ Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, ex-Secretary of War, died in Washington on the 24th, aged 55 years. The immediate cause of his death was congestion of the heart.

☞ SAMANA BAY RENTED.—The arrival of the U. S. frigate Albany from Samana Bay, in and of St. Domingo, brings the intelligence that this bay and *twenty-five thousand square miles of territory adjacent,* have finally come into the possession of the United States for a period of fifty years as an annual rental of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The transfer took place on the sixth instant, in the presence of Generals Babcock, Ingalls, and Sackett, the authorized agents of the United States, together with the agents of President Baez. The news of the lease caused intense excitement among the people of San Domingo. The revolutionists are making efforts to overthrow Baez before the American Congress can ratify the arrangements for the lease.

Evangeline Nowhere.

FORTY-FIVE YEARS BETROTHED.

The following is taken from a Concord letter to the Boston Journal:—

One of the happiest Thanksgiving dinners in New Hampshire, was in one of our loveliest rural villages not thirty miles from Concord. It was the first reunion for many years of several generations of a certain family. At the head of the table sat the venerable grandfather, now 81 years of age, who is yet a charming picture of health and strength preserved in a wonderful degree. He had come alone thousands of miles, from the distant West, to meet his descendants around the festive board of a married daughter. After the dinner, what could be more appropriately in order than the narration by the grandsire of the interesting events in what had proved to him a very romantic life? His story was long and fascinating, and some of its main features we have gathered for this letter. We suppress names, but the facts are already known to not a few.

The hero of the story was born in the state of New York, and passed his youth on a fertile farm in the valley of the Mohawk river. In the course of time he was engaged to be married. Before the nuptials were celebrated he became interested in another young lady, who also proved to be engaged; but between them there soon sprung up a strong intimacy, which on the part of both was carefully concealed from the other parties concerned. They both were convinced that their existing engagements were not the result of any deep-seated love, but that a union between themselves would be productive of the highest earthly happiness. The most solemn pledges, however, had been made by them, and like honorable persons they shrunk from the idea of breaking their plighted faith.

In vain they waited, hoping that something might occur which would cause the other parties to give them release from matrimonial obligations. At length they met, as they supposed, quite probably for the last time, and parted only after pledging each other a love which death only could destroy. The man married and migrated to the West, and the woman was united in hymenial bonds and settled on the shores of Oneida Lake. These occurrences happened nearly fifty years ago. The Western adventurer proved a good husband and a kind father, and grew into middle age a widely known and influential citizen. Prosperity attended him, and wealth and many friends came to him. After twenty years of married life his wife was taken from him, but children remained to gladden his heart and home.

Sometimes in the twilight hours as he gazed over his broad acres as I looked upon his overflowing granaries he would think of his only love, and hope that if she were living there was never a leanness to her basket or store. By-and-by several of his children married, and one of them came to New Hampshire. Years passed on and his hair became silvery white, but he had never visited the East. When a certain sweet image floated in his mind he would endeavor to forget it and convince himself that quite likely she had long ago passed away from earth. This conclusion was strengthened from the fact that he had never received in any way a scrap of intelligence concerning her. After repeated invitations from his relatives, he concluded a few months ago to spend with them in New Hampshire, the then approaching festival of Thanksgiving.

He reached Albany at the time of the height of the late great flood, and travel being much interrupted he stayed over a few days and accidentally met some old acquaintance of his youth. During one conversation there was casually mentioned the name of her from whom he had so sorrowfully parted. Eagerly he asked if she was yet alive, and when answered in the affirmative, tears came to his eyes, and he told his friends that he must at once set out in search of her. He was told where she was living only six months previous, and thither he went with all possible haste but she was not there. Only a month before she had gone away. He learned the direction it was supposed she had taken, and again with all possible speed he pushed forward. But fate seemed against him, for further and further away seemed the object of his search.

At last, after he had travelled hundreds of miles, going often by night as well as by day, he found the lost angel of his youth. Words cannot picture the scene of the meeting, and over it we kindly draw a veil. In a moment, as it were, the history of their lives went in review before them, and the sad parting of forty-five years ago was again a living reality in their sight. The many years of their separation had not dimmed their affection for each other, and a bright and happy future seemed dawning upon them. The story of the woman was one of long toil and suffering. After ten years of wedded life her husband had died of lingering disease, leaving three children.

One after another of these treasures was claimed by death, until alone and friendless she was left to battle with the world. For a time the thought of one whose picture was ever in her heart gave her some encouragement and strength; but at length she experienced bitter despair, and to death alone she looked for relief. In such circumstances was she found by one who renewed the pledges of his youthful affection, and asked that to her happiness he might devote the remainder of his life. Such was the grandfather's story at the happy Thanksgiving dinner, and he closed by saying that one week from that day he was to be married to her who had been so long lost, but who was at length restored to him.

The preparations for the marriage are now in progress, and nothing will be spared to make the occasion one of the happiest possible. Relatives and friends, in large numbers, are to be present, many of them to come a long distance, and bright and numerous are the anticipations of pleasure. The grandsire feels himself very young—and he often amuses himself by telling them what he proposes to do "when he gets old."

☞ "Why don't the girls go West?" is the question asked by a correspondent of the Boston Journal, who cites statistics to prove that in Ohio there is an excess of 40,000 men, in Michigan 40,000, in California 142,000, and in other states similar proportions. In Massachusetts, on the contrary, there are 30,000 more women than men; in New Hampshire 6,500; in Rhode Island 6,000, and in Connecticut 7,800. The total excess in New England of females over males is 48 500. Perhaps the unmated will find in these figures convincing arguments.

Mysterious Disappearances.

FROM AN ENGLISH PAPER.

Unaccountable and unaccounted for disappearances of persons from the circle in which they usually move are not very unusual. Sometimes, as in the case of the Rev. B. Speke, the whole world is roused up to make a search, and the missing person is found, the only unconcerned individual in the midst of the general stir. At others, no tidings are heard, and the lost one seems to have, to all intents and purposes, dropped out of life. Occasionally, after years of absence, these wanderers return—not unfrequently having gone no farther than some near town, where, assuming other names, they have tried life again under new circumstances. The press-gang used to be responsible for many of these sudden disappearances, and doubtless was unjustly blamed for many more. There are instances in which disappointments, losses, and complications of various sorts are evident causes, even to on-lookers, why a man should disappear from his usual life. But there are others where the world can perceive no reason for the change, and where the motive, whatever it was, is hidden in the heart of the man who has altered his life. The world—which is slow to apprehend that any but material considerations can justify a man in changing the whole course of his existence, so as even to disappear from his usual circle—is apt to place to the credit of mental disarrangement all that it cannot understand. It turns out, however, that the world frequently is not in the slightest degree justified in this interpretation of things. Among the strongest of the known motives which have influenced men in their disappearance from their old lives must always be reckoned religious feeling. Our readers will doubtless be able to call to mind many examples which serve to illustrate this proposition. One of the most singular instances of modern days is that afforded by the retirement of Mr. Laurence Oliphant from English society—his disappearance, in fact, from the place which he occupied in the world of London. A gentleman of good birth and position, who was a member of Parliament, who had been engaged in diplomatic service, who had travelled over much of the world, and had made his mark in literature—he suddenly disappeared, and the places which had known him knew him no more. Where he had gone was asked on all hands; and at last what had been all along known to his intimate friends was known to every one, that he had become one of a number of persons who had settled in and near the little village of Brockton, on the Buffalo and Erie Railway, near the shores of Lake Erie, and about seven miles from Dunkirk. All kinds of rumors began to be spread, and poor Mr. Oliphant's life was made a burden to him in consequence of the numerous inquiries he was called on to answer, and the interviews which he was expected to accord for the purpose of having his conversation retailed in newspapers. Not long ago a sort of semi official statement was given in a New York journal, which it was hoped would tend to allay the fever of curiosity that had arisen as to the retreat of so distinguished a man. This account informs all who desire to know, that Mr. Oliphant had for some years before his departure from England entertained the idea of founding a society of persons who coincided with himself in the religious views he holds, which are a development of Swedenborgianism. About sixty persons from various countries (two of them from Japan) united, and, under the leadership of Mr. Oliphant and the Rev. Mr. Harris, they settled at Salmon-on-Erie, where they possess an estate of about 1,000 acres in extent, which is divided into seventeen farms, and where the cultivation of the vine, wheat, oats, and fruit, and attention to pasture, are their chief occupations. The arrangements under which the members of the society hold their property have not yet been made public, the members justly considering that these arrangements concern themselves only. The number of persons living on the estate varies from fifty to sixty, some leaving for a time, but not permanently. Indeed, very recently, Mr. Oliphant himself paid a brief visit to England, of which more may at some future time be heard. Several clergymen are among the members of the society. Each person has definite work to do, and does it heartily; consequently the association has as yet been eminently successful in a pecuniary point of view. After all, there is nothing remarkable in the association itself. People before this have chosen to live in one place because they "think alike on most subjects, have strong democratic tendencies, and hold enthusiastically the same religious views." In the arrangements there is nothing wonderful, or even unusual, especially in America. What has drawn so much attention to Brockton is the fact that Laurence Oliphant, a remarkable man in English society, should have been chosen to be one of the leaders of the association. It is to be hoped that in his new home he has found society more congenial than that he has left, and compensations for what he has given up in order to join it.

☞ A negro boy stole a crying doll in Petersburg, Va., the other day. Hiding it under his coat, it "squeaked," and bleached him white with fear at the miraculous witness against him.

☞ A writer in Cassell's Magazine inquires why should we not make our house unflammable and our furniture fireproof? Timber may be prevented from firing by simply impregnating it with a concentrated solution of rock salt. The fact has just been announced by a German chemist, who was commissioned by a fire insurance company to solve the question. Watering-pots will not as well, but it is expensive. The salt renders the wood proof against dry-rot and the ravages of insects. A solution of it pumped out of a fire-engine upon burning matter would be vastly more effective than plain water.

☞ Air is a meal of which we are constantly partaking—hence it should always be pure.

☞ CARE OF THE EYES.—Looking into a fire is very injurious to the eyes, particularly a coal fire. The stimulus of light and heat united destroys the eyes.

☞ Seals of white porcelain, engraved in a uniform style, representing a monster seated, whose face is half dog and half ape, have frequently been found in many parts of Ireland, sometimes at the bottom of bogs and quagmires, and sometimes near the surface of the soil. The inscriptions engraven upon them have been deciphered by Chinese servants, who assert that they are proverbs, and still current in China. The question now is, How did those porcelains ever get to Ireland?

Of Wine---And Why People Drink?

Wine, ale, and liquors, administered strictly as medicine—what of them? Doctors differ on the subject, and known facts point to different conclusions. Distinguished physicians are of opinion that the Prince Consort would be alive at this moment if no wine had been given him during his last sickness; but there were formerly those who thought that the Princess Charlotte would have been saved, if, at the crisis of her malady, she could have *had* the glass of port wine which she craved and asked for. The biographers of William Pitt—Lord Macaulay among them—tell us that at fourteen that precocious youth was tormented by inherited gout, and that the doctors prescribed a hair (!) of the same dog which had bitten his ancestor from whom the gout was derived. The boy, we are told, used to consume two bottles of port a day; and, after keeping up this regimen for several months, he recovered his health, and retained it until, at the age of forty-seven, the news of Ulm and Austerlitz struck him mortal blows. Professor James Miller, of Edinburgh University, a decided teetotaler, declares *for* wine in bad cases of fever; but Dr. R. T. Trall, another teetotaler, says that during the last twenty years he has treated hundreds of cases of fevers on the cold-water system, and "not yet lost the first one;" although, during the first ten years of his practice, when he gave wine and other stimulants, he lost "about the usual proportion of cases." The truth appears to be that, in a few instances of intermittent disease, a small quantity of wine may sometimes enable a patient who is at the low tide of vitality to anticipate the turn of the tide, and borrow at four o'clock enough of five o'clock's strength to enable him to reach five o'clock. With regard to this daily drinking of wine and whiskey, by ladies and others, for mere debility, it is a delusion. In such cases wine is, in the most literal sense of the word, a mocker. It seems to nourish, but does not; it seems to warm, but does not; it seems to strengthen, but does not. It is an arrant cheat, and perpetuates the evils it is supposed to alleviate.

Man will learn not to drink wine when he is well. It will be also an article of his religion not to commit any of those sins against his body the consequences of which can be postponed by drinking wine. He will hold his body in veneration. He will feel all the turpitude and shame of violating it. He will not acquire the greatest intellectual good by the smallest bodily loss. He will know that mental acquisitions gained at the expense of physical power or prowess are not culture, but effeminacy. He will honor a rosy and stalwart ignoramus, who is also an honest man, faithfully standing at his post; but he will start back with affright and indignation at the spectacle of a pallid philosopher. The Man of the Future, I am firmly persuaded, will not drink wine, nor any other stimulating fluid. If by chance he should be sick, he will place himself in the hands of the Doctor of the Future, and take whatever is prescribed. The impression is strong upon my mind, after reading almost all there is in print on the subject, and conversing with many physicians, that the Doctor of the Future will give his patients alcoholic mixtures about as often as he will give them laudanum, and in doses of about the same magnitude, reckoned by drops.

We drinkers have been in the habit, for many years, of playing off the wine countries against the teetotalers; but even this argument fails us when we question the men who really know the wine countries. Alcohol appears to be as pernicious to man in Italy, France, and Southern Germany, where little is taken except in the form of wine, as it is in Sweden, Scotland, Russia, England, and the United States, where more fiery and powerful dilutions are usual.

I have been surprised at the quantity, the emphasis, and the uniformity of the testimony against drinking. Close observers of the famous beer countries, such as Saxony and Bavaria, where the beer is pure and excellent, speak of this delicious liquid as the chief enemy of the nobler faculties and tastes of human nature. The surplus wealth, the surplus time, the surplus force of those nations are chiefly expended in muddling the brain with beer. It is not a small matter, but a great and weighty consideration—the cost of these drinks in mere money.

The teetotalers have always underrated the difficulty of the task they have undertaken, and misconceived its nature. It is not the great toe that most requires treatment when a man has the gout, although it is the great toe that makes him roar. When we look about us, and consider the present physical life of man, we are obliged to conclude that the whole head is sick and the whole heart is faint. Drinking is but a symptom which reveals the malady. Perhaps, if we were all to stop our guzzling suddenly, *without* discontinuing our other bad habits, we should rather lose by it than gain. Alcohol supports us doing wrong! It prevents our immediate destruction. The thing for us to do is, to strike at the causes of drinking, to cease the bad breathing, the bad eating, the bad reading, the bad feeling and bad thinking, which, in a sense, necessitate bad drinking.

The Human Race is now on trial for its life! One hundred and four years ago last April, James Watt, a poor Scotch mechanic, while taking his walk on Glasgow Green, conceived the idea which has made steam man's submissive and untiring slave. Steam enables the fifteen millions of adults in Great Britain and Ireland to produce more commodities than the whole population of the earth could produce without its assistance. Steam, plus the virgin soil of two new continents, has placed the means of self-destruction within the reach of hundreds of millions of human beings whose ancestors were almost as safe in their ignorance and poverty as the beasts they attended. At the same time, the steam-engine is an infuriate propagator; and myriad creatures of its producing—creatures of eager desires, thin brains, excessive vanity, and small self-control—seem formed to bend the neck to the destructive tyranny of fashion, and yield helplessly to the more destructive tyranny of habit. The steam-engine gives them a great variety of the means of self-extirpation—air-tight houses, labor-saving machines, luxurious food, stimulating drinks, highly-wrought novels, and many others. Let *all* women for the next century but wear such restraining clothes as are now usual, and it is doubtful if the race could ever recover from the effects; it is doubtful if there could ever again be a full-orbed, bouncing baby. Wherever we look, we see the human race dwindling. The English aristocracy used to be thought an exception, but Miss Nightingale says not. She tells us that the great houses of England contain great-grandmothers possessing constitutions without a flaw, grandmothers but slightly impaired, mothers who are often ailing and never strong, daughters who are miserable and hopeless invalids. And the steam-engine has placed efficient means of self-destruction within reach of the kitchen, the stable, the farm, and the shop; and those means of self-destruction are all but universally used.

Perhaps man has nearly run his course in this world, and is about to disappear, like the mammoth, and give place to some nobler kind of creature who will manage the estate better than the present occupant. Certainly we cannot boast of having done very well with it, nor could we complain if we should receive notice to quit. Perhaps James Watt came into the world to extinguish his species. If so, it is well. Let us go on, eating, drinking, smoking, over-working, idling, men killing themselves to buy clothes for their wives, wives killing themselves by wearing them, children petted and candied into imbecility and diptheria.

Still, probably the instinct of self-preservation will assert itself in time, and an antidote to the steam-engine will be found before it has impaired the whole race beyond recovery. To have discovered the truth with regard to the effects of alcohol upon the system was of itself no slight triumph of the self-preserving principle. It is probable that the truly helpful men of the next hundred years will occupy themselves very much with the physical welfare of the race, without which no other welfare is possible.

Ole Bull—A Romantic History.

In one way or another his whole life seems to have been a round of adventure and excitement. Driven by his passion for music to quit the University of Christiana, where he was studying for the church, he began his career as an artist at the age of nineteen. One of his first exploits was a duel, in which his antagonist, a fellow musician, was mortally wounded. To escape the consequences of this affair, he fled to Paris. There he fell into poverty, was robbed of everything he had, even of his violin, and in his despair threw himself into the Seine. This attempt at suicide was the making of him. Being fished out of the water, his forlorn condition attracted the notice of a rich lady who had recently lost her son, and who fancied that she traced in the young violinist's features a resemblance of her dead child. She took him home, provided for his wants, enabled him to make a professional tour, which placed him at once on the high road to fortune. The applause of the concert halls, however, could not satisfy his adventurous spirit.

He managed, we believe, to have a share in nearly all the European revolutions. He was badly wounded in the Paris insurrection of 1832, figured conspicuously in the movements of February, 1848, then hurried to Holland, where he had some more revolutionary experience, and went back to Paris to enjoy more still. He fought under the French in Algerie. He built a theatre at Bergen and brought out political dramas, which led to his arrest and financial ruin. Then, following an illustrious example, he laid down the fiddle and the bow, took up the implements of husbandry, and bought a great tract of land in Pennsylvania, for the purpose of founding a Norwegian agricultural colony. This was in 1852. Hundreds of his countrymen followed him into the promised land, and a little town called Oleana was soon built by their industry, but the experiment proved a disastrous failure, and the projector was ruined for a second time. Then he came to New York, took a lease of the just finished Academy of Music, and in two months was ruined again. His career since then has been quieter, and we trust happier.

Since the above was in type, we have seen the following in a New York letter of Dec. 23d:—

"Among the passengers by the Cunard steamer Russia, from Liverpool, this morning, is Ole Bull. On the passage, when within a few hours' sail of the port, the passengers addressed him a written request to perform for them; and to this, with his usual urbanity, he acceded. The proceeds of the entertainment will be devoted to the fund for erecting a monument commemorative of the 1000th anniversary of Norwegian nationality or independence, which is to be celebrated in 1872. This monument is to take the form of a beacon on the Norwegian coast—thus giving expression to feelings of patriotism, and conferring a benefit on commerce and navigation at the same time. It is to especially promote this enterprize that Ole Bull returns to give a series of concerts in this country."

RUINED.—A bankrupt merchant returning home one night, said to his noble wife, "My dear, I am ruined; every thing we have is in the hands of the sheriff."

After a few moments of silence, the wife looked calmly into his face and said:

"Will the sheriff sell you? Oh, no. Will the sheriff sell me? Oh, no. Will the sheriff sell all the children? Oh, no. Then do not say we have lost every thing. All that is most valuable remains to us—manhood, womanhood, and childhood. We have lost but the results of our skill and industry. We can make another fortune, if our hearts and hands are left us."

TEXAS.—A telegram from Governor Pease, dated Austin, Texas, December, 30, says that Davis, for Governor, is 400 ahead, exclusive of the counties of Milan and Navarra, which, if allowed to vote, would elect Hamilton. It appears that Navarra county did not vote on the days of election, as the registration had not been completed, and that in Milan county the election was interrupted by disturbances, and was, therefore, not completed. General Reynolds, it is understood, has ordered elections in those counties—but has referred the question of counting the votes to the President.

☞ The Westchester Jeffersonian is now printed by a novel motor, the propelling force being supplied from a hydrant pipe. It works steadily and smoothly. It takes up small space, requires no attention, makes no noise, no hissing of steam or splashing of water; is clean, and is always ready. It is a perfect novelty. It should be seen to be appreciated.—*Exchange Paper.*

☞ The Overend-Gurney trial in London, has been concluded, resulting in their acquittal.

☞ Imitate the example of the locomotive. He runs along, whistles over his work, and yet never takes anything but water when he wants to "wet his whistle."

A Sad Tale of Cawnpore.

Twelve years have failed to extinguish the emotions with which the massacre at Cawnpore, India, is associated. When the dreadful tragedy took place there were said to have been among the victims two daughters of Sir Hugh Wheeler. We are now assured that one of these is still living, and that instead of being murdered she was taken by a petty rajah into his harem, where she has since continued. It appears from an Indian paper that a gentleman heard of her while making a tour, and sent a message to her, offering to remove her, and to restore her to her family and friends. She stated in a written reply that she had been twelve years in her degradation—that she had children, and that she could not muster moral courage enough to face the world, much less her relatives. Her desire was to be left unnoticed and forgotten.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The demand is limited—sales at $4.37½@4.75 ₩ bbl for superfine; $4.87½@5.25 for extra; $5.50@5.75 for spring wheat extra family; $5.50@6 for Penna do do; $5.75@6.25 for Ohio do do, and $6.75@7.50 for fancy. Rye Flour is selling at $5.12½@5.25.

GRAIN—The Wheat market is very dull. Sales of Penna red at $1.25@1.32, and white at $1.42 ₩ bus. Rye sells at $1 for Penna. Corn—Old yellow sold at $1.01@1.04, and 7500 bus of new at 80@86c. Oats—Sales at 55@57c.

PROVISIONS—The market continues quiet. Sales of Mess Pork at $22.50 ₩ bbl; Bacon Hams at 19½@21½c; Pickled Hams at 16½@17c; salt shoulders sold at 12@12½c ₩ lb; smoked Shoulders at 10c; and Lard at 18½@18½c ₩ lb.

COTTON—Small sales of Middlings are reported at 25½@26c ₩ lb for Uplands and New Orleans.

SEEDS—400 bus Cloverseed sold at $8@8.12½ ₩ bus. Timothy is quoted at $4@4.25. Flaxseed sells at $2.25 ₩ bus.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2200 head. The prices realized from 9@9½ cts ₩ lb. 150 Cows brought from $50 to 60 ₩ head. Sheep—2100 head were disposed of at from 5½@7½c ₩ lb. 4000 Hogs sold at from $14.50 to 15.00 ₩ 100 lbs.

To Owners of Horses.

Thousands of horses die yearly from colic. This need not be. *Dr. Tobias' Venetian Horse Liniment* will positively cure every case if given when first taken. The cost is only one dollar. Every owner of a horse should have a bottle in his stable, ready for use. It is warranted superior to anything else for the cure of cuts, wire galls, swellings, sore throat, sprains, bruises, old sores, &c. This Liniment is no new remedy. It has been used and approved of for 22 years by the first horsemen in the country. Given to an over-driven horse, it acts like magic. Orders are constantly received from the *racing stables of England* for it. The celebrated Hiram Woodruff, of trotting fame, used it for years. Col. Philo P. Bush, of the Jerome race course, has given a certificate which can be seen at the depot, stating that after years of trial, it is the best in the world. His address is Fordham, N. Y. No one once using it will ever be without it. It is put up in pint bottles. Sold by the druggists and saddlers throughout the United States. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York. jan1-5t

☞ A private letter from M. Ledru Rollin to a friend in Paris has been published. He says:—"I wish for liberty, but not at any price; I wish for her clothed in white, not in purple. I leave purple to Emperors, and I foresee that, with men like Rochefort, we should inevitably come to a civil war. Admitting that blood was necessary in '93, to shed it now would be odious and useless." In other words, "though I talk like a Frenchman, I am very like an earnest English Radical."

Interesting to Ladies.

The first day I grumbled all day at my wife for buying a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine; but the next I learned to work it myself, and I felt prouder of hemming a sheet than I have of leading a brigade to victory. It is so simple and so easy that a child can manage it, and I am continually congratulating myself for having purchased it.—*Manuel Eyre, Jr., 1st Lieut. 14th Infantry, Drum Barracks, California.*

☞ A Louisville matron, whose husband snores badly, keeps a clothes-pin underneath her pillow, and when his snoring awakes her, she adjusts the pin on his nasal organ, and then slumbers peacefully.

CRAMPTON'S IMPERIAL LAUNDRY SOAP contains a large per centage of VEGETABLE OIL, is warranted fully equal to the best imported Castile Soap, and at the same time possesses all the washing and cleansing properties of the celebrated French and German laundry soaps. CRAMPTON BROS., 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 Rutgers-place, and 32 and 35 Jefferson St. Office 64 Front Street, New York. oct2-6m

☞ The boys and girls of London are making sixpenny subscriptions for the erection of a monument to the memory of Daniel DeFoe, author of Robinson Crusoe, the man who has delighted more youthful readers than any other author.

Moore's Rural New-Yorker for Dec. 25 contains a splendid full-page Engraving of the Prize Fowls at the recent State Poultry Show—the best Poultry picture ever given to an American newspaper. Also, 6 magnificent CHRISTMAS PICTURE, and other fine illustrations. For sale by all newsdealers; price 6 cts. See advertisement of Rural in this paper

☞ A pulpit orator in Oberwesel, on the Rhine, improved his discourse of the 7th of November by giving his audience some original views on the cause of the earthquakes. "For the earthquakes and their cause," he said, "there is only one explanation. What the learned naturalists would teach is pure foolishness. They can only prove that man descends from the ape. From time to time God seizes the earth-ball in His mighty hand and thoroughly shakes it, in order to rouse up the godless human race from its sleep of sin. And that is the earthquake."

Happy Discovery.—How to save your Stoves; no burning out of bricks or grates, or warping of tops. We guarantee every stove by our method, to last ten years longer than they would if attended to in the prevailing way. Send address and 50 cents and get this valuable receipt. Address OAD & LEREK, Cumberland, Md. jan1-6t

☞ Sir Walter Scott, in one of his novels, gives expression to the height of a Highlander's happiness:—"Twenty-four bagpipe players assembled together in a small room, all playing at the same time different tunes."

To Soldiers, Heirs and Others—For collection of Pensions, Bounty, Pay, Prize Money, and all other claims, Address General Collection Agency, No. 125 South Seventh st., Philadelphia. ROBERT S. LEAGUS & Co., sept-1y

☞ Merry, in "Merry England," does not mean mirthful, but is compiled from an old Teutonic word, signifying famous or renowned. So says Hawthorne's American Note Book.

Psychomancy, Fascination, or Soul-charming. 600 pages; cloth. This wonderful book has full instructions to enable the reader to fascinate either sex, or any animal at will. Mesmerism, Spiritualism, and hundreds of other curious experiments. It can be obtained by sending address, with postage, to T. W. EVANS & CO., 41 S. Eighth st., Philadelphia. oct3-1y

Heaven.

Excepting exemption from sin, intense, vigorous, untiring action is the greatest pleasure of mind. We could hardly wish to enter heaven did we believe its inhabitants were idly to sit by purling streams, fanned by balmy airs. Heaven to be a place of happiness must be a place of activity. Has the far-reaching mind of Newton ceased its profound investigations? Has David hung up his harp as useless as the dusty arms in Westminster Abbey? Has Paul, glowing with God-like enthusiasm, ceased itinerating the universe of God? Are Peter and Cyprian and Edwards and Payson and Evarts idling away eternity in mere psalm singing? Heaven is a place of restless activity, the abode of never tiring thought. David and Isaiah will sweep nobler and loftier strains in eternity, and the minds of saints, unclogged by cumberson clay, will forever feast on the banquet of rich and glorious thought. An eternity of untiring action is before you, and the universe of thought is your field.

The Romance of Cure.

The many evidences of extraordinary cures, that are daily reported as effected through

Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

Ready Relief and Perfect Purgative Pills is written testimonials from all parts of the world, surpass in wonder the most extravagant miracles of enchantment. Physicians and medical men in all countries pronounce these wonderful remedies a *mystery* that neither their science of analysis or chemical skill can explain. True, these medicines effect the most marvellous cures, and restore the dying to life, and relieve the most wretched pain suffering victim of his tortures, in from *one to twenty* minutes, and although they know some of the ingredients of their composition, and Doctor Radway has published their formula (withholding only two newly discovered roots,) still both French, German, English and American chemists and pharmaceutists *utterly fail* with the same ingredients *as prepared by them.* The great success, which these wonderful remedies are constantly achieving, lies in the great secret of combining the ingredients together, after exercising due care in selecting the pure and genuine roots.

Tumor of 12 Years' Growth Cured by Radway's Resolvent.

BEVERLY, MASS., July 18, 1869.

DR. RADWAY: I have had Ovarian Tumor in the ovaries and bowels. All the doctors said "there was no help for it." I tried everything that was recommended, but nothing helped me. I saw your Resolvent, and thought I would try it, but had no faith in it, because I had suffered for *Twelve Years.* I took six bottles of the Resolvent, one box of Radway's Pills, and used two bottles of your *Ready Relief;* and there is not a sign of a tumor to be seen or felt, and I feel *better, smarter,* and happier than I have for 12 years. The worst tumor was in the left side of the bowels over the groin. I write this to you for the benefit of others. You can publish it if you choose. * * * * * * * *

HANNAH P. KNAPP.

Radway's Ready Relief in Two Minutes

gave ease and comfort *to a bed-ridden sufferer,* who for four weeks had been disabled, and for fourteen days under various physicians, receiving no benefit. Read the letter:

"CERTIFICATE!" "COPY!"

During four weeks I had been suffering most severely from most violent pains in the spine, loins, and head. During 14 days I had been utterly unable to attend to anything. After having had medical aid from various physicians, and applied remedies of every kind, without obtaining any relief, my attention happened to be called to *RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.* I ordered immediately some to be fetched, and two minutes after rubbing myself with the same, the pains in the head disappeared, and after several frictions with the Relief, the pains in the spine and loins disappeared the next day, so that I was enabled to attend to my work on the same day.

The astonishing rapidity of the action of this glorious remedy compels me to give publicity to this fact in behalf of suffering humanity. I consider it my duty toward my fellow-men, in order that persons suffering in a similar manner may avail themselves of that admirable remedy.

Dortmund, in Westphalia, Prussia 14th Aug., 1869.
(Signed.) HEINRH LIBEN of Germania, near Martin.
Witness: Heinar Numberger, in Dortmund.

Drs. Radway & Co. have never claimed one-hundredth part of the curative virtues for their remedies as is ascribed to them by the people who have used them; for bear in mind, only such diseases and complaints that Dr. Radway, after successful treatment with their remedies knew they would cure, were enumerated in their curative list, so that many of the extraordinary cases that have been reported awakened as much astonishment in the discovery of their remedial agents as in those who had been rescued from death, and made whole and sound.

At first many persons discredited their extraordinary power, from the fact of their disappointment in the use of other advertised remedies—and some believed it impossible for simple medicines made only from vegetable substances—roots, herbs, &c.—should possess such marvellous power. Yet they can readily comprehend that these simple grasses of the field, after undergoing the chemical process of distillation designed by nature in the cow, furnishes us with butter—certainly the most abundant fat, caloric or heat-making—bone, tissue, muscle, sinew and blood-making constituents for the human body.

But when those people who first doubt the efficacy of these remedies commence their use, they became their most earnest advocates.

Consumption, Scrofula, White Swelling, Tumors in the Womb, Stomach, Ovaries, Bowels, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys that have been pronounced incurable, Cancers, Ulcers, Swellings, Stone in the Bladder, Calculous Concretions, Ulcers and Sores of the Bones, Rickets so deeply seated that no other medicines have ever been known to reach, have been cured by the *SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT,* aided by the *READY RELIEF* and *PILLS.*

OVARIAN TUMOR CURED.

Never has a medicine taken internally been known to have cured tumors either of the womb, uteri, ovaries, or bowels; the knife has been the sole reliance in the hands of experienced surgeons; but Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian settles this question. For it has cured over twenty persons of Ovarian Cysts and Tumors, as well as Tumors in the Bowels, Uterus, Womb, Liver, Dropsical Effusion, Ascites, and Calculus Concretions.

Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent is $1 per bottle, or $6 for half dozen; Ready Relief 50 cents; Pills 25 cents. Johnston, Holloway & Cowden, 602 Arch St., Philadelphia. Dr. Radway & Co., 87 Maiden Lane, New York city. jan1-tf

☞ The Lord Mayor and Sheriff of London recently expended $140,000 of their private funds to hasten the completion of the Holburn Viaduct. It would be a sight to see American officials loosening their purse strings to aid public works. They generally open their purses to put in the money, not take it out.

Curious Discovery.

A paper was recently read before the American Association for the advancement of science, which stated that on the southern shore of Lake Superior, in Marquette county, Wisconsin, were found remains of long canals and dams, constructed by the beavers for the purpose of transporting the cuttings, consisting of trunks of trees two or three feet long, from the places where trees had fallen, to their lodges. Some of these canals were three, four, and five hundred feet long. They were generally three feet wide, with an average depth of three feet. In order to maintain a continuous depth of water, they made dams at certain distances, and followed the Chinese plan—to whom the look was unknown—of drawing their cargo from one level to another.

Let Common Sense Decide.

What is the rational mode of procedure in cases of general debility and nervous prostration? Does not reason tell us that judicious stimulation is required? To resort to violent purgation in such a case is as absurd as it would be to bleed a starving man. Yet it is done every day. Yes, this stupid and unphilosophical practice is continued in the teeth of the *great fact* that physical weakness, with all the nervous disturbances that accompany it, is more certainly and rapidly relieved by HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS than by any other medicine at present known. It is true that general debility is often attended with torpidity and irregularity of the bowels, and that this symptom must not be overlooked. But while the discharge of the waste matter of the system is expedited or regulated, its *vigor must be promoted.* The Bitters do both. They combine aperient and anti-bilious properties, with extraordinary tonic power. Even while removing obstructions from the bowels, they tone and invigorate those organs. Through the stomach, upon which the great vegetable specific acts directly, it gives a healthy and permanent impetus to every enfeebled function. Digestion is facilitated, the faltering circulation regulated, the blood reinforced with a new accession of the alimentary principle, the nerves braced, and all the dormant powers of the system roused into healthy action; not spasmodically, as would be the case if a mere stimulant were administered, but for a continuance. It is in this way that such extraordinary changes are wrought in the condition of the feeble, emaciated and nervous invalids by the use of this wonderful corrective, alterative and tonic. Let common sense decide between such a preparation and a prostrating cathartic supplemented by a poisonous astringent like strychnine or quinia. jan1-3t

AN ITEM FOR DYSPEPTIC SUFFERERS.—The kernel of the peach pit has proved, in my case, a perfect remedy for what is termed "heart-burn." I suffered from it henly for years; more at some times than others. Seeing this remedy recommended in some journal, two or three years ago, I often since purposed to try it, but did not, until this winter. When the suffering manifests itself, eat one or two of the kernels, and after a few days the symptoms will disappear. The remedy is simple, cheap, and harmless—and, best of all, *effectual.*—*J. O.*

Just Out.

"CHERRY PECTORAL TROCHES,"

For Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, and Bronchius

None so good, none so pleasant, none cure so quick.

RUSHTON & Co., 10 Astor House, New York.
Use no more of those horrible tasted nauseating
"Brown Cubeb Things." oct23-3m

AFTER DINNER NAPS.—Many persons are in the habit of sleeping for half an hour or hour immediately after dinner. This is a bad practice. Ten minute's sleep before dinner is worth more than an hour after. It rests, and refreshes, and prepares the system for vigorous digestion. If sleep is taken after dinner it should be in a sitting posture, as the horizontal position is unfavorable to healthful digestion. Let those who need rest and sleep during the day, take it before dinner instead of after, and they will soon find that they will feel better, and that their digestion will be improved thereby.—*Herald of Health.*

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT are the twin remedies on which depends more than one-half the civilized world for health. Diseases which have baffled all medical skill disappear before their wonderful healing and cleansing virtues. Manufactory, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

☞ AN ACTIVE VOLCANO.—Mount Etna is on record as an active and awe-inspiring volcano one thousand years before Christ. Compared with it, Vesuvius, more seen of tourists, is only a hill. Etna rises to a height of eleven thousand feet, and its base is ninety miles in circumference. Its lava streams, five miles wide, and fifty to one hundred feet deep, extend to a length of eighteen miles.

Brown's Bronchial Troches for pulmonary and asthmatic disorders, have *proved* their efficacy by a test of many years, and have received testimonials from eminent men who have used them.

Those who are suffering from coughs, colds, hoarseness, sore throat, &c., should try "*The Troches,*" a simple remedy which is in almost every case effectual.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 15th of Dec., by the Rev. Geo. Bringhurst, Mr. NATHAN MARPLE to Miss JOSEPHINE R. LEWIS, both of this city.

On the 14th of June last, by the Rev. E. W. Hutter, Mr. G. SCHREIBER to Miss ELISABETH MILLER, both of this city.

On the 18th of Dec., by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. JOSEPH C. JOHNSON to Miss SALLIE M. TILTON, both of Atlantic county, N. J.

On the 15th of Dec., by the Rev. J. S. Kennard, Mr. JOHN RUTH to Miss SALLIE G. BECHTEL, both of this city.

On the 16th of Dec., by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. CHARLES H. STATES, of this city, to Miss LAVINIA HEATON, of Bucks county, Pa.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 30th of Dec., SARAH B. CADWALLADER, in her 30th year.

On the 20th of Dec., Mrs. MARTHA LESLIE, in her 49th year.

On the 20th of Dec., SAMUEL S. CLAYPOOLE, in his 27th year.

On the 19th of Dec., Mrs. CHARLOTTE BASS, in her 65th year.

On the 19th of Dec., ELISABETH, wife of John Marrion, aged 35 years.

On the 18th of Dec., Mrs. MARGARET GOODWIN, in her 80th year.

On the 18th of Dec., CURTIS G. COLDEN, in his 23d year.

On the 17th of Dec., Mrs. JANE DAWES, in her 70th year.

On the 17th of Dec., ALFRED W. ADOLPH, in his 44th year.

THE COMING YEAR.

THREE MONTHS GRATIS
TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

In THE POST of October 23, we commenced a new and brilliant Novelet written by one of the most talented of our lady authors. It is entitled

A Family Failing.

BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "How a Woman Had Her Way," &c.

We are also now publishing

George Canterbury's Will.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "Roland Yorke," &c.

These will be followed by the following (among other) Novelets:

Under a Ban.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, Author of "Cut Adrift," "The Debarry Fortune," &c., &c.

Leonie's Mystery.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "Dora Castell," &c.

Bessy Rane.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c.

A Novelet

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Roofs," &c.

Who Told?

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "A Family Failing," &c.

Besides our Novelets by Miss Prescott, Miss Douglas, Mrs. Wood, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Hosmer, &c., we also give in Stories, Sketches, &c.,

The Gems of the English Magazines.

And also NEWS, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, POETRY, WIT and HUMOR, RIDDLES, RECEIPTS, &c.

Our new Premium Steel Engraving is called "TAKING THE MEASURE OF THE WEDDING RING,"—is 18 by 24 inches—and will probably be the most attractive engraving we have ever issued. *It was engraved in England, at a cost of* $2,000. A copy of this, or of either of our other large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library.

We make the following *Special Offer* to New Subscribers. We shall begin the subscriptions of all NEW subscribers for 1870 with the paper of October 2, which contains the commencement of Miss Prescott's new and brilliant Novelet, "A FAMILY FAILING," until the large extra edition of that date is exhausted. This will be thirteen papers in addition to the regular weekly numbers for 1870, or fifteen months in all! When our extra edition is exhausted, the names of all *new* subscribers for 1870 shall be entered on our list the very week they are received. *Of course those who send in their names early will receive the full number of extra papers.*

☞ *At the present date we have a large number of the back papers to October 2d still on hand.*

This offer applies to all *new* subscribers, single or in clubs. And our Club terms are so very low, as compared with other first-class literary weeklies, that clubs should be obtained with the greatest ease. And the getter up of a club of Five or over, gets not only the Premium Engraving for his trouble, but a free copy of the paper also.

While we offer thus a special inducement to *new* subscribers, our *old* subscribers will reap the benefit of the increased circulation which it brings us, in the improvement of our paper, and in the case of getting up clubs—and therefore it is to their interest to speak a good word for us to their friends. And in proportion as patronage is extended to us, are we able to make THE POST more and more worthy of their support.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

We trust that those of our subscribers who design making up clubs, will be in the field as early as possible, and make large additions to their lists. Our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a first-class literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

See TERMS under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

FROST PICTURES.

Pictures on the window,
Painted by Jack Frost,
Coming at the midnight,
With the moon are lost.
Here a row of fir trees,
Standing straight and tall;
There a rapid river,
And a waterfall.

Here a branch of coral
From the briny sea;
There a weary traveller
Resting 'neath a tree.
Here a grand old iceberg
Floating slowly on:
There the mighty forest
Of the torrid zone.

Here a swamp all tangled,
Rushes, ferns and brake;
There a rugged mountain,
Here a little lake.
Thus a breath, the lightest
Floating on the air,
Jack Frost catches quickly,
And imprints it there.

And thus you are painting,
Little children, too,
On your life's fair window
Always something new.
But your little pictures
Will not pass away,
Like those Jack Frost's fingers
Paint each winter day.

O, they will be lasting
As God's book of truth,
Whether made by Willie,
Johnnie, May or Ruth;
And your little pictures,
Each its story tells
Of the good or evil
Which within you dwells.

Each kind word or action
Is a picture bright;
Every duty mastered
Is lovely in the light;
But each thought of anger,
Every word of strife,
Blemishes the picture,
Stains the glass of life.

GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

CHAPTER XXV.

AT THE FESTIVE BOARD.

The crowded and prolonged season gave no signs yet of drawing to a close. If the spring had been cold and dull, the summer was lovely. London was very full; Hyde-park shown with beauty; frivolity reigned everywhere.

Amidst the gayest of the gay were Captain and Mrs. Dawkes. In their fine mansion in Belgravia, the lease of which had been recently purchased, they reigned a king and queen of fashion, entertaining frequently the world, regardless of cost. From the state and expense kept up, by the way the money was squandered right and left, it might have been thought their purse was without end. The most absurd stories of Mrs. Canterbury's wealth had flown about, and society deemed her revenues to be at least regal. Possibly in her inexperience she fancied them so herself.

The Captain was in clover. Unlimited wealth, and a high position amidst his fellow men, had been the dream of his ambition from boyhood. A dream of fancy, however, rather than of hope; for Barnaby Dawkes had never thought to be more wealthy than Mrs. Garston's money would have made him. And even that he had not looked upon as a certainty. Although Keziah and others had told him he was sure to succeed to the old lady's inheritance, in his own heart there had always lain a doubt of it. She herself had never led him to expect it—never by a single hint; on the contrary, words had many a time fallen from her lips from which he knew he might draw a totally opposite deduction. And therefore Mr. Barnaby could never in reality plead expectations as an excuse for the spendthrift ways he took up. But what was Mrs. Garston's moderate wealth compared to this that he had come into by his marriage with Mrs. Canterbury? Barnaby Dawkes estimated that now much as he did a few ashes from his cigar. He could at length afford to snap his fingers at the old lady; and did so metaphorically.

To marry Barnaby Dawkes was an imprudent step of Mrs. Canterbury's; to marry him in the haste she did, and without any kind of settlement, was imprudence terrible. For see you not that by so doing all moneys, not secured to her separate use by her first husband, passed into his power? Reviewing this desirable fact in his mind while he shaved, the morning after his marriage, complacently regarding himself in the glass, the Captain called it a "godsend." Possibly; but he had not the sense to foresee that to a man of his lavish tastes and self-indulgent habits it might prove a dangerous one. He paid his debts,—more, were they, than the world or Keziah knew of; he re-purchased into the army; he flung money about as inclination dictated, without the slightest stint; and he and his wife, quitting the Rock, set up their gorgeous tent in Belgravia for the season, to live on the scale of princes.

They were a fashionable couple in other respects as well; politely indifferent to each other, rather than cordial. That Caroline had found out her mistake in marrying him was only too probable; and the very listlessness in which her days were passed caused her to enter the more eagerly into gaiety. If she repented, she did not show it; womanlike, she buried it within her breast; and talked, and dressed, and laughed, and was the gayest of the gay. She liked the life; possessing, in point of fact, an innate genius for it. A late breakfast in the morning, she and Barnaby lounging over it together, glancing at their plans for the day, and picking out the most agreeable ways of killing time; very fine and fashionable both, in look and manner and speech, and intensely heartless; he away afterwards, she devouring some charming novel; a few select morning callers; a grand luncheon, taken nearly always in company; the real visiting and being visited; then going out to buy dress and flowers and sweetmeats—anything attractive that shops display; the Park next; dinner (always a gorgeous one), out or at home: the opera and evening assemblies; and to bed in the morning sunlight. This was the life; it was, in fact, nothing but a whirl of excitement, and both Captain and Mrs. Dawkes thought it paradise. He, of course, had other pursuits—billiards and wine-drinking and gambling.

But it is not entirely of Captain and Mrs. Dawkes that this chapter must treat. Looking on at all this extravagance and gaiety were the inmates of a house in a less fashionable quarter, but not so very far removed either; and that was Mrs. Dunn's, Paradise-square. Mrs. Dunn had her two sisters staying with her—Olive and Millicent Canterbury. It was natural that they should see all this lavish waste of money, their money, with grievous heart-burning. Yes, their money; they could not but look upon it as theirs still of right, for they had been born to it. Who were these strangers, these interlopers, Caroline Dawkes and Barnaby her husband, that they should be revelling in the sisters' birthright? Olive and Millicent did not suffer their lips to put the question even to each other. Mrs. Dunn, less reticent, asked it a dozen times a day. But, like many another bitter wrong, it had to be endured, for there was no remedy; and two of them, at least, strove to make the best of it.

The two houses kept up a show of friendship. Stay; not friendship, acquaintanceship. Miss Canterbury willed it so. It was better, she urged; and, after all, what good would be gained by showing resentment? Millicent, following her eldest sister's lead always, acquiesced without a word. Mrs. Dunn grumblingly yielded; not to comply with Olive's advice, but because in her curiosity she would see a little further into Captain and Mrs. Dawkes, and Captain and Mrs. Dawkes's menage. So a call had been exchanged twice or thrice, and now there was going to be a dinner. Caroline felt a kind of uneasiness in their presence always, her husband none. Indeed, he personally could not be charged with offence to them.

The fine June day was drawing, like the month itself, to a close, as Keziah Dawkes picked her way across the watered streets of Belgravia to her brother's residence. However gratified Barnaby Dawkes might be with the substantial good resulting from his marriage, Keziah was less so. In the abstract she had not wished her brother to marry at all: she felt, to this hour, the keen pang that shot across her heart the evening that he had first spoken of Belle Annesley as his possible future wife; for Keziah loved him jealously. But when Barnaby cast his covetous eyes on the wealthy Mrs. Canterbury, and sent for Keziah to help him scheme to get her, she had entered into it with her whole spirit. What precise good Keziah pictured to result from it for herself, she never said; but she certainly looked for a great deal. And she was feeling disappointed, for as yet the good had not come. To be welcomed as an inmate of this Belgravian mansion she had confidently anticipated; but she had not got there yet. In point of fact, Mrs. Dawkes did not like Keziah, and she told her husband that she would not have her there. Keziah thought he might have taken the reins into his own hands; and she intended to suggest it to him. Reaching the door, she gave a knock and then a ring; and a smart footman, in the smart Canterbury livery, appeared.

"Is Captain Dawkes at home?"

"No, mem."

"Mrs. Dawkes?"

"Mrs. Dawkes has not come in yet, mem. There's nobody within but Mrs. Kage."

Keziah felt a little surprised.

"Mrs. Kage! is she here?"

"She come up three or four days ago, mem," said the man. "I think she is in her room, a being dressed for dinner."

"I will wait," said Keziah.

Making herself at home in the house, as she chose always to do, she turned into the dining-room. The table was already laid, and for several people.

"There's a dinner-party to-day, I see," observed Keziah quickly, the beautiful glass and silver glittering in her eyes like so many diamonds.

"Not much of a party, mem; a family assemblage, I believe," answered the servant, who minced his words affectedly like some of his betters. "The Misses Canterburys is to dine with us, and one or two more."

Keziah passed into a small room that her brother called his "study." Pipes and pistols, and such-like curiosities lay about; but of materials for other kinds of study there appeared to be none. She sat down by the window, which had a lively prospect of the back yard.

"When my brother comes in, say that I am waiting here to see him," she said.

And the man left her.

Captain Dawkes and his wife arrived together. He had been driving her in the Park. As Mrs. Dawkes passed upstairs, the servant delivered the message to his master.

"Well, Keziah," said the Captain, beginning to unbutton his gloves slowly as he entered.

Keziah shook hands with him. Since the marriage her manners had become, perhaps unconsciously, more formal. Time was when her only greeting to him had been a loving kiss.

"I have been waiting in for you every evening for a week past, Barnaby," she began, some resentment in her tone. "You promised to come and talk one or two things over with me."

"Awfully sorry for it," said the Captain, with a great show of repentance. "Haven't been able to come, 'pon honor."

Keziah took her bonnet-string in one hand and stroked it with the other,—a habit she had when in deep thought,—while her eyes were fixed reproachfully on Barnaby.

"The matters must be talked of between us, Barnaby, for my sake, if not for yours. I have never thought but of you through life; but I—I must consider a little for myself now."

"To-morrow, or next day, I'll come for certain, Keziah. We get up awfully late here, and the morning's gone before one can look round."

"I suppose that is in consequence of your going to bed late?" said Keziah, alluding to the getting up. "I am out of my bed at eight every morning in the year."

"Jolly freezing that, in winter!" remarked the gallant Captain. "Look here, you'll stay to dinner. Go up and take your bonnet off."

"You have a party to-day, and I am not dressed for it."

"A party? no. The Canterburys, and Dunns, and Tom Kage. Don't think there'll be anybody else. No need of particular dress for them."

"I did think you would have asked me to come here and stay a few days with you, Barnaby," she broke forth, the sore feeling finding vent at last. "It would be a relief after my poor lodgings."

"Fact is, Caroline objects to have people staying with her," spoke the Captain with indifference.

"*You* might invite *me*."

"I'll see later. No time to think about things. Hands full of engagements always. You'll stay to dinner, though?"

"Barnaby, do you ever look back to the old days," she asked in a low tone, her gray, hard face bent forward with an expression of intense pain, "when you and I struggled on together, with very few comforts and no dainties, and you went in fear of your liberty? Do you ever recall that time?"

"Why, on earth, should I?" demanded the Captain. "I'm only too glad to send it amidst the bygones. What's the matter with you, Keziah?"

The matter with her! Keziah Dawkes was only learning the hard lesson that many another woman has had to learn. His turn served, the wealth and position he had coveted his at last, Barnaby Dawkes's entire selfishness displayed itself in its true colors. He cared no more for the sister who had sacrificed so much for him than he did for the rest of the world. Self it had always been with Barnaby; self it would be to the end.

"I did think you might have liked to have me for a short while in your house, Barby, now that you have one worth coming to," she said a little plaintively.

"Ah—tell you, got no time to think about it just now, Keziah," was the supremely independent answer. "Such a lot to do in town always. You shall come and stay with us at the Rock."

A gracious promise apparently, but not a sincere one. Barnaby's private belief was, that his wife would no more have Keziah at the Rock than she would in Belgravia. For himself it was a matter of nearly perfect indifference; of the two, he would rather prefer Keziah's room to her company.

"O Barnaby! what a splendid diamond!"

Captain Dawkes did most things with the drawling slowness of a man of fashion, and he had by this time got off one of his gloves. A diamond on the third finger of his right hand flashed in the light.

"Rather nice," acquiesced the Captain listlessly, as if diamonds were as common with him now as debts once were. "It's a little too large; got to wear it on this finger; shall have it taken in."

"It must have been a priceless diamond," remarked Keziah.

"No; cheap, for what it is. Gave three hundred and fifty for it. Saw it by accident at Garrard's the other day, and nailed it on the spot. Ordered a set of studs to match;—doubt if they'll get 'em as fine as— My dear, what's the matter?"

For Mrs. Dawkes had come into the room in a kind of commotion. She did not at first see Keziah, and began to speak very rapidly.

"Did you ever *know* anything like mamma? She says she is going to dine at table, and is being got up for it in a low dress.—O, how do you do, Keziah?"

"I was telling Keziah to take her bonnet off and stay to dinner," remarked the Captain. "Not dressed for it, she answers: as if that mattered!"

"O, don't think of your dress," said Caroline graciously.—"But about mamma, Barnaby: what's to be done?"

"Let her dine at the table if she wants to," was Barnaby's comment.

"But she'll look—she'll look—such an object," returned Mrs. Dawkes, hesitating to apply the word to her mother, but finding no ready substitute.

"And if she does?" said the easy Captain. "There'll be no strangers."

Mrs. Dawkes and Keziah went upstairs together. The latter unbuttoned her mantle, and glanced at her tight-fitting brown-silk dress. Good of its kind, but not quite the thing for a dinner-party. Keziah Dawkes, however, had outlived the age of vanity. She never possessed much; all hers had been concentered in her handsome brother.

She went and sat in the drawing-room alone, and there waited for the appearance of the company, in-door and out-door. What a beautiful room it was! Keziah was engaged in a mental calculation as to how many hundreds of pounds the furniture and fittings-up had cost, when her attention was attracted by the entrance of Mrs. Kage.

Keziah's eyes took a startled stare of surprise, and she drew back involuntarily. Was it indeed Mrs. Kage? or some poor puppet fantastically attired to frighten the world? Sure such a painted face was never seen in connection with paralysis! For the remains of that seizure were still upon her: the legs were uncertain, the arms shook, the mouth twitched incessantly. Fry, the maid, dragged rather than led her across the room to a seat. Keziah, in her humanity, went up and helped.

"O dear!—much obliged—who is it?" asked the poor cracked jerking voice, and the dim eyes looked up; eyes too near their final closing to be tricked out as they were with belladonna.

"It is I—Keziah Dawkes. I am glad to see you can be about again, Mrs. Kage."

"O, I'm quite well, thank you; quite blooming.—Fry, where are you putting me?"

Fry and Keziah were putting her into the easiest and safest chair they could find, one with large elbows; from an unsafe one she might have tumbled out. Oh, what a mockery it was!—her bedizened face; the flowers and feathers nodding on the head never still; the bare neck with its thin black-lace covering; the jangling beads on the skeleton wrists! When Mrs. Kage should be attired for her coffin, lying in it at rest, she would be more seemly to the eye than she was now.

Fry had scarcely fixed her, or finished picking up the fans and scent-bottles that would keep falling from her hands and lap, when Mrs. Dawkes entered—a lovely vision she, in pearls and blue satin. Something like dismay rose to her beautiful face.

"Fry! how could you think of bringing mamma here?" came the vexed question. "She should have been taken at once to her place at table."

"She'd not go, ma'am," answered Fry. "She would not hear of it."

"But how is she to be got down when the people are here?—Mamma"—bending down her face to the palsied one—"you had better go to the dinner-table at once, it will be more comfortable for you."

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Kage shrilly. "I am going down with the rest; I am not a child. Oh, the ingratitude of daughters! After I have schemed for you, Caroline, to put you in your beautiful position, and got you loads of wealth and—"

"There, there, mamma; that will do.—Fry, pour some eau-de-cologne on mamma's hands."

Mrs. Kage was ever ready for scent in any shape, and the "pouring it on her hands" took her attention from undesirable reminiscences. Caroline, biting her pretty lips, walked to the window and looked out.

She was just in time to see the stoppage of Mrs. Dunn's carriage underneath. One, the first to step from it, caused her heart to thrill even then; it was Thomas Kage. He turned round to give his hand to the rest. Millicent Canterbury jumped lightly down; Olive came next; Lydia Dunn last. Captain Dawkes, entering the room with them, found himself pulled gently by the coat-tails.

"May I come in, papa?"

"No, certainly not," growled the Captain angrily. "We don't want you, sir. Be off back!"

The child—it was little Tom Canterbury—shrank away timidly. He had his mother's blue eyes and her fair hair. Mr. Kage, who had lingered a moment to give Mrs. Dunn's footman his directions, came just in the boy's way, and stretched out his arms playfully on either side to make a barrier. They were alone on the landing. Something like a sob burst from Tom.

"Why, my little fellow, what is it?"

"Papa won't let me go in; he is always cross now. Mamma is there, and I've got to go away to the nursery."

"I'll take you," said Mr. Kage. "We'll go together."

Picking up the child in his arms, he carried him up the stairs very tenderly. Some instinct whispered to him that Captain Dawkes's show of love before marriage for this unfortunate child had faded into air. In point of fact it was so; Captain Dawkes was not deliberately harsh or cruel to the boy—his wife would not have permitted that; but he was coldly indifferent, sometimes very cross. Judith, the nurse, sat in the nursery, mending a pinafore.

"Back again, Master Tom! I knew it was of no good your asking."

She turned round, saw Mr. Kage, and rose. The little boy ran to a box of bricks, and began showing Mr. Kage what a good house he could build. They were the best of friends, rare though their meetings were; and Mr. Kage never failed to come without some delightful book to please the child's eye or ear. He drew one from his pocket now, and took the boy on his knee. Tom—he was always gentle—pressed his little hands together with delight at the first picture.

"What's that, Mr. Kage? An angel?"

"I never see such a child," interposed Judith in a superstitious semi-whisper. "He's always wanting to talk of angels and heaven, sir; one would think they had called him to go up there."

"Well, this is an angel," said Thomas Kage, smiling pleasantly. "See, Tom—he is standing at the top of the ladder, and Jacob is asleep at the foot, with his head on the hard stone."

"Does the ladder reach right up into heaven?" asked little Tom.

"Right up. And the angels, though we cannot see them, Tom, will help us all to climb it in our turn."

"I dream of the angels sometimes," said Tom; "I like to."

"Just hark at him!" interjected Judith to herself.

"Nobody tells me about them but you," said Tom. "I wish you'd come here oftener."

"I have to stay at home and work," said Mr. Kage. "Ask mamma to tell you."

"Mamma says she has no time."

"You audacious little Turk, taking mamma's name in vain!" interposed a fond voice at this juncture; and the child slid off Thomas Kage's knee to fly to it. Caroline clasped him in her arms, kissing him passionately. *Her* love for him could not fade or weaken. With a laughing apology for not speaking to him at once, she held out her hand to Mr. Kage.

"I thought I might find you here. But what kind of manners do you call it, sir, to pay your respects to Mr. Tom before you pay them to me?"

"He waylaid me on the stairs, and I carried him up here."

"Papa would not let me go into the drawing-room. I wanted you, mamma."

"Not let you! Nonsense, Tom! The dinner's not quite ready; you shall go down with me."

"I don't care now," dissented Tom. "I've got a book with some angels in it. Mr. Kage gave it me."

"You are very kind to him," exclaimed Caroline, a mist of gratitude rising in her eyes. "I think you wish to be a true friend to him."

"It is what I mean to be, heaven permitting me."

Tom sat down on the carpet, picture-book on lap, and Mrs. Dawkes and her cousin descended the stairs together, her vain glance lingering in any mirror they happened to pass. Thomas Kage had rejected her for his wife; but she liked to look her best in his eyes, for all that. Whether she were more vain of herself or her precious boy, it would have puzzled Mrs. Dawkes to tell.

"He is a queer little darling," she suddenly said. "Fancy his staying up there from choice, to 'look at the angels!'"

"He could not look at better things, Caroline."

"Oh, of course not. I think it must have been you who first gave him the fancy. Judith says he would always be talking of angels and Heaven."

"I think, in these rare cases, it is Heaven itself that gives it," gravely spoke Mr. Kage. "Caroline, are you doing your duty by him?"

The question sounded rather an abrupt one. Mrs. Dawkes turned her face to the speaker.

"My duty!"

"I mean in the higher sense of the word. A child should be trained to think of these solemn things. Are you training him?"

"Thomas, how old-fashioned you are! What do I know of angels, more than anybody else knows?"

His good, dark eyes rested for a moment upon hers. That she certainly knew next to nothing, had never been taught to know, he was only too well aware.

"The child has just said to me, talking of angels, 'Mamma has no time to tell me about them.' Caroline, you must make the time. It is the solemn duty of every mother to endeavor to train her child for Heaven."

"I wish you'd not preach as though you were in a pulpit, Thomas. I do train him. He says his prayers, and all that. One would think you feared I meant him to be a heathen?"

"His father is dead; you alone are left. If Mr. Canterbury can look down on this world, Caroline, think what his grief and agony might be at seeing his little son left untaught. The training of children is the

most solemn duty that can be assigned to us in this world. Very few fulfill it as they ought."

"How earnest you are in this!" she involuntarily exclaimed.

"Because my mother trained me," he whispered. "Caroline, for your boy's sake, I beseech you look to it."

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Dunn had arrived when they got back to the drawing-room; also two gentlemen invited by Captain Dawkes. The butler was coming up to announce dinner.

"Mind, Thomas, you go in with me," said Mrs. Dawkes, hurriedly, as she went forward to shake hands with Sarah Dunn.

"And your young inmate, Belle Annesley?" she asked. "I wrote word that we hoped to see her."

"She is past going out to dinner now, Caroline," was Mrs. Dunn's answer. "She gets weaker and weaker."

"Poor girl! When does she start for the West Indies?"

"I fear, never. I fear she will not live for it."

"Is she so ill as that?" exclaimed Caroline, all sympathy. "What can have induced it?"

Mrs. Dunn said nothing. Her eyes chanced to meet those of Thomas Kage; both could have answered what, had they chosen.

After all, Thomas Kage did not take first place, as proposed. There appeared to be so much difficulty in getting down Mrs. Kage and her fans, that he went to Fry's assistance. Her poor legs were dropping beneath her at every stair, but she was landed in safety. He took a seat by her; no one would have smoothed difficulties for her as he did; Caroline was tolerably content that it should be so, and bade another gentleman to her side in his place. But a sharp cloud passed momentarily over her brow when she saw that Thomas Kage had Millicent Canterbury on his other hand, and that they appeared to be on terms of assured friendship.

What a display it was!—the fantastic, shaking puppet at the festive board, amidst the lights and the flowers and the gala dresses! A death's-head, more than anything else, by contrast looked she. The shaking fork rattled against the shaking teeth, the food fell, the wine was spilled; and she, poor thing, strove to make a pretence of being juvenile with the rest, and tapped Thomas Kage's arm with her fan, and thought she was flirting with him. He did his best to cover their deficiencies, and got very little dinner for his pains; but she was a pitiable object, tottering on the edge of the grave.

Was it for *this* that she had schemed and plotted, and lost the favor of good men? Had her grasping and her basely-acquired wealth brought her no other or better reward? The means and the end were in fitness with each other; and Mrs. Kage in horrible fitness with them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TELLING FORTUNES.

BY ALICE CARY.

"Be not among wine-bibbers, among riotous eaters of flesh; for the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty, and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags."—Proverbs, 23: 20, 21.

I'll tell you two fortunes, my fine little lad,
For you to accept or refuse;
The one of them good, the other one bad;
Now hear them and say which you choose.

I see by my gifts, within reach of your hand,
A fortune right fair to behold;
A house and a hundred good acres of land,
With harvest fields yellow as gold.

I see a great orchard, the boughs hanging down
With apples, russet and red;
I see droves of cattle, some white and some brown,
But all of them sleek and well fed.

I see droves of swallows about the barn door,
See the fanning mill whirling so fast;
I see them threshing wheat on the floor—
And now the bright picture has past!

And I see rising dismally up in the place
Of the beautiful house and the land,
A man with a fire-red nose on his face,
And a little brown jug in his hand!

Oh, if you beheld him, my lad, you would wish
That he were less wretched to see:
For his boot toes they gape like the mouth of a fish,
And his trowsers are out at the knee!

In walking he staggers, now this way, now that,
And his eyes they stand out like a bug's;
And he wears an old coat and a battered-in hat,
And I think that the fault is the jug's.

For the text says the drunkard shall come to be poor,
And that drowsiness clothes men with rags,
And he doesn't look much like a man, I am sure,
Who has honest hard cash in his bags.

Now which will you have? To be thrifty and snug,
And to be right side up with your dish;
Or go with your eyes like the eyes of a bug,
And your shoes like the mouth of a fish!

☞ A New Orleans wife, left at home one evening by her husband who "had business down town," accepted a friend's escort to the theatre. The fates decreed that her husband should occupy the next seat, with another lady, the occasion of his urgent business. As soon as the wife made the discovery, she leaned over and whispered viciously:—"Charles, who is that hussy you have with you?" "Sister of that fellow you have with you." There was no need of further explanation.

☞ Children not unfrequently get things much mixed.

"Do you like Bible stories?" asked one little fellow of another.

"Yes; Aunt Susie tells them to me."

"Then get her to tell you about Solomon's swallowing the whale."

☞ When a person has got so far as to accuse the sidewalk of trying to throw him down, it is time to go home.

AS THOU WILT.

It is so sweet to live
My little life to-day
That I would never leave it, if
I might forever stay!
I sometimes say.

I am so weary, Lord,
I would lie down for aye,
Could I but hear Thee speak the word;
"Thy sins are washed away!"
I sometimes say.

The better mood that lies
These moods between midway,
Comes softly, and I lift my eyes,
"Lord, as Thou wilt!" I pray;
And would alway.

—*Harriet M'Ewen Kimball.*

A MEXICAN LEGEND.

We had taken our night's rest at La Penta, and at four o'clock in the morning, with eyes still worn down with sleep, took our places in the diligence, and sped away from the beautiful green valley, to the barren plains and brown hills beyond.

We were to breakfast at San Juan de los Lagos; so, when at about twelve o'clock it was pointed out to us, lying in a valley almost at our feet, we looked at it with admiring interest. Irrespective of the thought of breakfast which was connected with it, it was indeed a beautiful spot. It lies in a perfect basin, the bed—says history—of a large lake, which was suddenly drained by a great eruption of the volcano of Colima, several hundred miles distant. This may account for the name, as there are certainly no lakes there now to give rise to it. The whole formation of the surrounding country supports this legend; but we had not much time to observe this, so much was our attention allured by objects that appealed more directly to our feelings.

These were innumerable small crosses of wood or stone, which stood on either side of the road, with the regularity and grimness of sentinels, and, to one who knew they were the sentinels of death, they presented a most solemn and terrible aspect. Involuntarily the hands of the gentlemen closed upon their weapons, and the ladies whisperingly asked if there were many robbers here.

"At present, no," said Don Luis, the chief authority in such matters, "though, of course, it's always well to be upon one's guard. It is in carnival time, however, that these crosses multiply the fastest. Look at the town; is it not beautiful?"

We looked, but as the diligence spun like lightning down the steep decline, we caught only uncertain glimpses of an enchanting mixture of white houses, green trees, running water, and brilliant sunshine, and, above all, the two tall spires of a church, whose lovely forms at once caught and riveted the attention.

"Splendid! aren't they?" said Don Luis. "Isn't it a pity that they are made the occasion of so much plunder and murder? It really does seem as if there is a curse upon them; and yet, in spite of all, thousands yearly flock to kneel at the consecrated shrine of that church, and scores—yes hundreds—lose their lives by their devotion, and few, indeed, reach their homes without being stripped of their goods. The first appearance of a pilgrim upon this mountain road is the signal for the gathering of banditti from the neighboring hills. But look at the towers again. Are they not beautiful?—and as the church is one of the prettiest in Mexico, I advise you to make a hurried breakfast, and go to see it. And when we are again upon the road, if you would like to hear it, I will tell you the legend which, in a great degree, leads to the yearly pilgrimage and its attendant horrors."

"We will certainly go to the church," we said, as the coach suddenly plunged upon the level ground of the valley, and all but a confused mass of houses and trees, and the ever-present crosses was lost to view. These last were even more plentiful than ever upon a magnificent stone bridge which spanned the wide, but almost dry river, and which served to connect two busy parts of the town.

We were glad to lose sight of them for a few moments in the breakfast-room of the diligence-house; and then throwing shawls over our heads, that we might enter it with propriety, we hurried through the narrow and sunny streets to visit the famous church. Suddenly we came upon a large open square, and at the head of it, occupying the whole of one side by its noble front, and raised some thirty feet, was the building we sought.

We stood for a moment at the base of the magnificent flight of granite steps, and contemplated, with admiration and astonishment, the beautiful, yet severely simple, architecture. The form of every column, door, and window, the shaping of every beaded cherub-head, seemed perfect—perhaps all the more so in contrast with those of the many Mexican churches we had lately visited. All had been larger, and most of them far more profusely decorated than this, but none so graceful, so light, so perfect. The towers, piercing the heavens in a succession of fluted pillars, with the most exquisitely carved cornices, were indeed enchanting; and without knowing whether they were perfect, according to any school of art, I knew that nothing had ever impressed me as being so airily beautiful.

We entered the church, and found it far more simple and elegant than most Catholic churches in Mexico or any other country. But after one look at the lofty, quaintly-painted roof, and the pictures over the altar, we found nothing in them remarkable, and returned to the diligence-house to find the mules already harnessed, and the driver impatiently waiting for us.

"Oh, Don Luis, the towers are lovely!" was our exclamation, as soon as we were seated, and the diligence had rushed at its usual break-neck pace out of the streets of the town and entered upon the more quiet country-roads. "Now, begin then with the 'once upon a time' of all story-tellers, and let us know all about them."

I must, indeed, begin with "once upon a time," said Don Luis, because nobody has the least idea when the occurrence actually took place. The most authentic historians can only say, that it was some years after the retreating waters of the lake exposed rich pasturage in this valley, and induced shepherds to gather here and begin the building of a town.

The town grew and flourished; and in process of time it was discovered that the little *adobe* church under the hill was not large enough to hold half of the worshippers, and that it was absolutely necessary to build another. The towns-people contributed largely to this end, and the Virgin herself pointed out, in a dream, an inexhaustible quarry of sand-stone, of which her chosen edifice might be built.

Now, after money sufficient for the purpose had been collected, the *padre* looked about him for a suitable person to carry into execution the designs he had already made; and the only fitting person he could hit upon was one Pablo Gonzales, a gigantic fellow, who had built half of the houses in San Juan de los Lagos, and was continually regretting that he could find nothing more worthy to employ his skill and ingenuity upon.

"Now," thought the *padre*, "if we can only agree as to how the work should be done, Pablo will be the very man to do it."

But this was the very thing they could not agree upon; and the more they talked it over, the more they disagreed. Pablo was bent upon a form and style of building entirely unheard of by the worthy *padre*; still, he was not so blind as not to see many of its advantages. But the towers—O, heaven! the towers—who ever beheld such a heathenish contrast to the square, white blocks—dear to his memory—fluted columns, and capitals, and wreaths! Who ever heard of such a jargon, of such nonsense, of such a waste of money! What would be left, indeed, to provide pictures and candles for the altar, if all should be expended in trumpery carvings and heathenish columns and capitals.

"And don't you suppose," exclaimed Pablo, drawing himself up to his full eight feet of stature—for there were giants in Mexico in those days—"don't you suppose the blessed Virgin has sense enough to be better pleased with sculpture than with candles? Do you think, then, the insufferable smell of tallow can be so sweet to her?"

"Irreverent scoffer!" cried the *padre*, looking at the enraged giant. "Go thy ways; thou shalt build neither the church nor its towers. Get thee hence, lest the curse of the church fall upon thee."

So Pablo went out, with the great object of his life defeated; which was, to build a church which should be the glory of his native town, and the admiration of the entire country. He went out, and felt that his heart was broken. He had had troubles before; he had lost the wife of his youth, and four of his six children had followed her to the grave. Yet no other trouble had equalled the sorrow and despair with which he looked upon the broken dream of his life. Never, never should he work into enduring stone the lovely images which his brain had created. Never should he be famous. Oh, what a poor, miserable, fallen worm he felt himself—this giant, with the strength of a dozen men and the stature of a god.

He went to his home, hopelessly miserable. For the first time in his life he was a terror to his household. He bent his head in shame before his mother, and wept bitterly at the sight of his children. Then, at other times he waxed fierce, and called upon earth and heaven to witness his sorrow; and so it began to be whispered about that Pablo Gonzales was mad, and people look askance at him as they passed the door where he sat thinking, thinking, all day long; and his mother began to think like them, and to pray for a grave, instead of glory, for her son.

Pablo Gonzales was poor, and his old mother and young children were sometimes sorely pressed for food; but he never thought of seeking work after he knew that he was not to build the church, neither would he listen to those that came for him; and so, gradually, poverty and distress came upon the dreamer and his family.

One day, indeed, he seemed a little roused; for, walking towards the site of the new church, he saw that it was built after his own designs. "They have stolen my work and my fame from me," he thought, bitterly; but, in spite of his anger, he continued to visit the spot as if fascinated, until, at last, the towers were begun, and, seeing that they were to be of the horrid block shape, he exclaimed, "They are killing my beautiful creation!" He burst into tears, and hurried from the spot.

After that, a still greater change took place in him. He became at first horribly feverish and excited; then he began to complain of pains in his limbs, and of the most intense fatigue; then he lay in his bed during hours of the day, in a most intense and dreamless sleep. Still, he did not seem ill. At eventide he devoured voraciously the food his mother set before him, though he refused it at all other times.

Meanwhile, his temper became more and more capricious. The slightest thing angered and excited him, and any mention of the new church drove him into a perfect fury; and so he failed to hear a piece of news which was exciting all the town.

At the end of a year from the commencement of the church, the principal superstructure was so far finished that the building of the towers was begun. An unsightly mass of *adobes* had been raised on each corner of the front of the church, when one morning the whole was found level with the ground!

It was a most extraordinary thing. The work of a month thrown down in a night, and by what? by whom? Some suggested an earthquake; but many people had been awake during the night, and testified that there had been no earthquake. Some suggested one thing, and some another; but the *padre* said it was the fault of bad *adobes* and mortar, and, having a fresh lot of both made under his own direction, set his men to work to build up the towers again.

His men worked well by day, but some Power undid it at night. Again and again were the rising towers thrown down, until, at last, the men declared it was useless to work against the devil; and the *padre* thought it best to follow their suggestions, and attempt to exorcise him.

Accordingly, after the throwing down of an unusually great amount of work he came, attended by a large number of his clerical brethren, and with "book and bell," and the most fearful menaces of the Church, bade the Evil one begone, and then quietly set his men to work again.

They obeyed him, with renewed hope and zeal; but alas, for naught! The first thing the anxious *padre* saw, as he looked from his window the next morning, was a shapeless mass of *adobes* before the church, and where should have been by this time a goodly tower—nothing!

This was enough to make even a saint lose his temper, so it wasn't to be expected that the *padre* should do less. "By the Cross!" exclaimed he, "I've lost time and money enough already, in trying to fit the Holy Mother's taste in towers, and by the saints, I'll bother no more about it! If she wants towers to this church, she can build them herself, or send somebody else that can do it better. Does she suppose that the whole life of a faithful priest can be bothered with towers!"

MODE OF ASCENDING THE PALM TREE IN AFRICA.

Like other and more civilized branches of the human family, the Africans are fond of strong drinks, and, when they have the means, are much addicted to intemperance. The only intoxicating drink of their own production is the palm-wine. This is merely the sap of the palm-tree, obtained by tapping it under the leaves, and suspending a calabash to catch the liquor as it flows. The wine is a pale whitish color, of a sweet but peculiarly bitter taste, and is about as strong as hard cider. The natives increase its bitterness by putting into the wine a root, which probably adds also to the exhilarating qualities of the beverage. Our engraving represents a negro in the act of ascending the palm by means of a rope round his waist, and encircling the trunk of the tree, which supports him as he travels up its branchless stem, planting his foot on the roughnesses of the bark as he raises his foot to place it higher, throwing the weight of his body on the rope until he again finds a firm footing. The calabash, as our readers will see, is swung from his shoulders, that it may not impede the action of his hands. The palm wine is usually brought out after the principal meal; the large earthenware jar that contains it is placed in the midst of the company; the tuft of leaves that covers it is removed by the woman of the house, who is also obliged to take the first and last draught, to convince the guests that the beverage is not poisoned. But often, instead of having it brought into the house, large parties repair to the woods where the wine is made, and spend the entire afternoon in drinking, often ending in quarrelling and fighting.

And with some dim thoughts of woman's inconsistency, he went out, in a very bad humor, to tell his men that he had been warned in a dream not to attempt to build towers to the church; and then, in high dudgeon, set them to work upon another part.

But this was not the only thing that interfered with the building of the church. The men came from the limestone quarry, and told him that, one by one, the immense blocks of stone which they had hewn for the pillars of the doors and windows had been carried away.

At first, the *padre* laughed at these reports. Then he alternately prayed in public and swore in private; and at last the service of exorcism was repeated at the quarry, but, just as at the church, without the least effect; the thefts were continued; and though several pillars had been hewn from the rock, not one remained with which to decorate the church.

Never had priest or layman so much trouble to build a church; never labored any mortal with such patience as this poor *padre*; yet he could succeed in nothing, and he was almost sinking into despair, when, awakening one morning, he looked from his window, and saw such a sight, that, forgetful of that decorum necessary not only to the priest, but the layman, he rushed across the street in his night attire, and gazed in wonder and ecstacy at his church.

Upon the right-hand corner, from whence his unsightly square of *adobes* had been thrown down, stood a foundation of stone, exquisitely cut and polished, and upon this a circle of exquisite pillars, the bases of which were sculptured with fruits and flowers, and the capitals with angels' heads peeping forth from wreaths of leaves.

It seemed, indeed, as if the Virgin had taken the *padre* at his word, and had sent angel bands to complete his work. Within an hour, all the inhabitants of the town, and, indeed, of the whole valley, were gathered before the half-completed church, gazing with admiration and awe upon the miracle that had been worked there. But as soon as their awe had been slightly superseded by curiosity, it was with the greatest difficulty that he could prevent this tower from sharing the fate of the others. It seemed, indeed, to be doomed to destruction, so anxious were the people to possess themselves of some small particle of the heavenly handiwork. But the *padre* argued, with a great show of reason, that it wasn't at all likely that the Virgin and the Saints were going to sculpture pillars and capitals only to be destroyed; and promised all the terrors of the Church upon the daring mortal who should as much as lay a hand upon the precious stones.

They heard, and grumbled a little, but nevertheless obeyed; and although no sentinels were placed over the towers, not a stone of them was touched. One by one, at intervals of weeks, other pillars were added, and more and more beautiful grew the structures.

It certainly was the saving of a great expense. It cost nothing but the hewing of the great limestone blocks; for these, one by one, continued to disappear from the quarry. But still it was not comfortable to live where this mysterious work was going on: to hear, night after night, the click of hammers, and the sighs and groans, as of laboring men, and yet to see nothing!

The *padre* was not a brave man. Indeed, he had never even pretended to himself to be; yet he at last resolved to discover, if possible, this mystery. True, he was deterred for some time from doing so by the tale of one of his parishioners, who, much bolder than himself, had stationed himself in the tower, one night, and after long watching and waiting, was suddenly seized upon by some unseen force, and hurled to the ground, where he was found, stunned and bleeding, in the morning.

The *padre* resolved to be more careful than this man; to say his prayers all the time; and, above all, not to ascend the tower, but to watch at the foot of it.

At midnight he stole silently forth from his house. He looked eagerly around. He saw, he heard nothing. Yes, listen!—what was that? A faint reverberation, as of mighty blows! The Angel Host were at work. But where? He saw nothing, and the blows resounded as if from beneath the earth. Could it be, after all, that the tower was the work of demons? Was the devil mocking them by this show of heavenly architecture? His limbs began to tremble; his knees smote together. The noise of the hammer and an awful groaning began. The *padre* turned to flee. He knew not where he went, until he suddenly found himself near the quarry, and confronted by a gigantic figure bending beneath an immense block of stone. Was the figure angel, or fiend? He could not tell. He fell down before it, bereft of life and sense; and so the work-people found him in the morning.

The next night, instead of watching, the *padre* dreamed; and his dream was that he who watched the building of the towers should surely die.

And so, unwatched, the building of the towers went on; and there was only one person in the whole country who had not seen them and marvelled at their wondrous beauty. This was he who would once have gloried in them most. But Pablo Gonzales was dead to such thoughts now, and, indeed, to every other. He was gradually wasting away. His gigantic strength was gone. Day after day he lay on his bed in a comatose state. He scarcely touched food, and never spoke, except to say: "Oh, my dreams! My beautiful dreams! Oh God, could I but realize that of which I dream, I could die happy. Strange! I dreamed last night my work was nearly finished. Strange! Strange!"

And so two years went on. The towers were nearly finished, and Pablo Gonzales, the disappointed architect, was dying.

His poor old mother wept, day after day, in agony; but she worked hard, to feed her dying son and his starving children, and so at night she slept.

But there came at last a night when her heart's cares overcame her bodily fatigue, and she could not sleep. And so, lying awake, she heard, early in the night, a strange noise. She tremblingly arose, and looked from her window. Soon there was a slight noise at the house door. It opened, and her son came into the open air. He was dressed, and in his hand was a heavy hammer and chisel. His eyes were wide open, but they had in them a strange, ghastly look. "The sun is rising," he said, looking up to the moonlit sky; "I shall be late; they will be waiting for me"—and throwing the hammer and chisel over his shoulder, he strode rapidly down the street.

His mother rushed after him, yet at some little distance, fearing he might discover her. She followed him through the short

street, across the crazy wooden bridge which then spanned the river, and on still farther; first along the river side, and then toward the hill, where lay the quarry.

But he did not go to the quarry. He stopped some rods before it, and suddenly, with one moment's exercise of the great strength which again seemed to animate him, tore aside a great stone, and revealed to his mother's astonished gaze a small cavern. It had evidently been once much larger, but it was now almost full of blocks and chips of stone, and upon them lay two pillars, the fac-similes of those of which the famous towers were formed—two pillars which would complete the structure.

A sudden revelation filled his mother's soul. She stood there spell-bound. She saw him begin his work, saying gayly, there was nothing like sunlight for such delicate touchings. She heard him direct an imaginary throng of men to do this or that, and then complete the work himself, while he merely thought himself directing others. She saw him at last stand before his nearly completed work, with ecstasy in his wide, wide-open eyes, and then, complaining that he could see no longer, for the sun was setting, saw him come out into the early dawning, and, calling, "*Adios, Jose—adios, Pedro,*" to imaginary companions, close the stone against the opening of the cavern, and walk slowly and painfully home. She saw him enter his room, and undress, and go to bed, saying he would rest before eating; and then she saw again commence a day of heavy dreamless sleep—his night.

And then, as mothers generally do, she bore her glory and her grief to God, and then rushed to the priest to tell him what she had seen.

He was astounded. He could not believe. He could believe in the miracle of angels turned builders, sooner than that Pablo Gonzales had done this gigantic work alone. True, now that he came to think of it, the towers were exactly after the plan Pablo had shown him; and besides, he was a man of immense strength, and, it was said, had, in his younger days, lifted, and even carried weights as great as were these pillars. Besides, the work had been in hand more than two years, and the *padre* had often, in his secret soul, thought that it would have been as well had the heavenly architects finished their work a little more quickly, especially as the rough blocks were always prepared for the pillars, and they had nothing to do but carve and place them. So, the end of it was, that the *padre's* faith in the angels was a little shaken, and he resolved to obey the old woman's invitation and follow her to the cave that night.

It was late when she came for him, and nearly midnight when the two, accompanied by an old man-servant of the priest, stood before the open cave.

The bright moonlight was streaming into it, and lay full upon the two blocks of stone. Pablo was just putting the finishing touches to his work. "A little more light in this angel's eyes," he was saying. "There, there, that is perfect. Thank God, my work is finished!" And then he fell upon his knees in silent prayer, turning his wide-open, yet apparently sightless eyes to Heaven.

"But, boys," he said, "these pillars must be set in their places to-day. I've promised that, you know. Heavy!—pooh! They're nothing compared to the others! Steady! There now, that's it!" And, evidently with the belief that he was assisted by a score of men, Pablo Gonzales bent beneath the burden of the great pillar—and walked away.

He carried it to the church as if it had been a child on his back. They saw him, in a manner that was indeed miraculous, ascend the ladder which leaned against the tower, and relieving himself of his burden, begin, with hammer and chisel, mortar and trowel, to put the pillar into a proper and firm position. They saw him complete his work, and then go quietly home, and to his rest.

That day the *padre* did not sleep, though he had watched all night. He sat beside the bed of Pablo Gonzales, and wondered, and shuddered at his death-like sleep. Once he woke him up and asked him if he never dreamed. At first, Pablo, at sight of him, burst into curses.

"Do I ever dream?" he exclaimed, at last. "Ah! I seem to do nothing but dream; and it is always of the towers! the towers! the towers! Why, I have dreamed this very night that I had built them as I told you I should, and that there was but one pillar wanting to complete them."

"Come, and see if thy dream be not reality," said the *padre*, gently; but Pablo sprung up furiously:

"Do you dare to mock me?" he cried. "Am I, indeed, so weak and fallen as that?" And then, sinking down upon his bed like a weakly child, he burst into a passion of sobs and tears.

The *padre* went away, deeply troubled. What was to be done? Nothing—nothing now, at least; and so he waited till night, and then watched through the night, and saw the great work completed.

Saw it completed; and then saw Pablo Gonzales descend into the great square and exultingly give thanks to God; and then, after appearing to dismiss a great number of work-people, he turned again with admiring, almost adoring eyes, to the towers he had created.

The sun was beginning to rise. It was, he said, getting very dark; yet still he lingered to look at and admire his work.

"It is finished!—finished!" he said, in ecstacy, again and again. "Oh, my God! Oh, blessed Virgin, and all the Saints, I praise thee! Now, now, indeed, I am contented to die. Fame—fame is mine! And what more has the world to give?"

He turned his wide, wide-open eyes upon the rising sun. "What is this I feel?" he said, faintly. "What is this awful nightmare that comes so often over me? Is it death? Must I indeed die, with this cup of glory scarcely tasted?"

The priest and his servant had held the mother back. Other people had gathered round, and restrained her by their wondering looks; but, at these words, she burst from them and rushed to her son.

"No, no, thou shalt not die!" she cried. "Live!—live for glory, for fame, for wealth, and love. Oh, has thou dreamed these towers into existence? Wake, wake, and behold thy work!"

For a moment he stood rigid. Then he sprung from her in sudden affright. "Ah, mother! why hast thou awakened me!" he cried. "I was dreaming!—ah, such dreams!"

And then he sunk helplessly down upon the ground, as if it had been a bed. "Ah, to dream, to dream once more of such glory! Oh, my God!"

And casting his eyes up to Heaven, his glance rested upon the towers; and with a sudden energy he sprung to his feet.

"Am I dreaming still?" he cried, in a voice terrible with concentrated energy and power. "Am I ever, ever to have this mocking, mocking dream before me? Waken me! waken me!—in pity, waken me!"

"You are awake, my son, my darling!" said his mother, sobbing, and clinging around his neck. "Look, Pablo! here are the neighbors and friends you used to know."

He looked around him; he felt of his own body; he touched his mother's face and hands. "Yes, yes," he sighed; "I am awake; this is no dream. But the towers, the towers!"

"Thou, in thy sleep, hast built them!" said the *padre*. "In thy sleep thou hast created this realization of thy dreams. In thy sleep thou hast made thyself Pablo the great, the wonderful!"

Pablo Gonzales looked around him at the wondering people, the towers, the fair sky, and the green earth.

"It is true! It is true!" he cried; "they are my work—my life. Pablo Gonzales has won everlasting fame. He is immortal!"

He sunk to the earth. His massive frame quivered for a moment, and was still. Pablo Gonzales was, indeed, immortal.

"Poor fellow!" sighed one of us; and we all looked back to the towers just fading from the sight. "How sad that he should have died just as a career of wealth and fame was opening before him."

"But, of course, the Church richly endowed his mother and orphans," said another, more carefully minded.

"Well, indeed!" said Don Luis, with a merry twinkle in his eye. "History seems to think that the family were sufficiently rewarded by the canonization of Pablo." "Indeed," he added, "some unbelievers deny the story altogether, and say that, although the towers were built at night, it was not done by a single somnambulist, but by a corps of men, under the joint direction of the *padre* and Pablo Gonzales—and done for the purpose of attaching some mystic attraction to the singularly beautiful towers. Many also affirm that the favorable influences attached to them are mere delusions, and that it was for his impiety that Pablo died; and they say that, even now, misery or death falls upon those who hasten to worship at his shrine."

"Oh! I don't believe a word of that!" said several of us at once; and all looked toward the spot where the towers had been last seen. But the diligence had outrun our thoughts, and we were far out of sight of San Juan de los Lagos, and entering upon the high table-lands of Mexico.—*Overland Monthly.*

AFFECTION.

Talk not of wasted affection; affection never was wasted;
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning
Back to their spring, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment;
That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.
Patience, accomplish thy labor, accomplish thy work of affection!
Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike.
Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart is made godlike;
Purified, strengthened, perfected, and made more worthy of Heaven!

—*Longfellow.*

Poisoned by Hair Dye.

Shortly after the death of Dr. J. M. Witherwax, which occurred on the 15th of last June, the Scott County Medical Society appointed a committee, consisting of Drs. J. W. H. Baker, Hazen, Farquarson, Cantwell, and French, to investigate the causes which led to his death, it having been the opinion of several medical gentlemen that he died from the effects of lead poison.

The Committee, through Dr. Baker, have prepared the report, in which they unanimously concur in the opinion that the cause of Dr. Witherwax's death was rightly surmised, and that the poison was introduced into the system through the use of hair dressing or dye. For four years previous to his demise, Dr. Witherwax had used the dressing almost daily on his hair and whiskers, and frequently during the whole period suffered from pains which were similar to those produced by lead colic.

Drs. Hazen and Cantwell each made four separate analyses of the liver of Dr. Witherwax and one of the kidneys, and found lead in the tissues of those organs each time. Their report accompanies that of the Committee.

In the report Dr. Baker as chairman cites many instances given in prominent medical works and journals, in which individuals have died from diseases produced by the use of hair dyes, in which symptoms very similar to those manifested in the case of Dr. Witherwax were betrayed. Furthermore, it is established that congestion of the brain is not unfrequently produced by these dyes.

It is stated that all the numerous hair dyes in use, except one class, contain lead. The one exception contains nitrate of silver instead of lead, and that, while it does not poison the system, crisps and dries the hair—to its injury, of course.

The lead used on the hair is absorbed by the skin and thence conveyed to the different organs in the body, and effects its work of destruction by poison. The magic combs which are warranted to turn gray hair black, are made of lead, and Dr. Baker cites an instance of the death from lead poison of an individual who used them.

And so the Committee clearly demonstrates the fact that the use of most hair dyes is dangerous to life, producing painful diseases, which sooner or later result in death. Gray hairs are honorable, it is said—and healthy might be added.—*Davenport (Iowa) Gazette.*

☞ New postage stamps are to be issued by the Postoffice Department. The old size will be restored and the designs will be as follows:—One cent, Franklin; two cents, Jackson; three cents, Washington; six cents, Lincoln; ten cents, Jefferson; twelve cents, Clay; fifteen cents, Webster; twenty-four cents, Scott; thirty cents, Hamilton; forty cents, O. H. Perry. Another job for somebody, we suppose.

☞ A farmer in Concord, who is now ninety-two years old, says that the present is the only time in his remembrance when a good load of wood would pay for a good barrel of flour.

Kitty's Rebellion.

BY JENNY GREENWOOD.

On a sultry summer afternoon, some seventeen years ago, little Kitty ran in from her play for a drink of lemonade which stood on the table.

"Please, mamma," said her mother, as she turned the glass.

"Kitty tan't say pease," replied the little maid.

Now Kitty had said "pease" a hundred times, and usually delighted in saying everything she was told. She quite excelled in conversational powers for a year-and-a-half old. For the first time in her short life, she had taken a notion that she would not do as she was bid. So her mother set the glass down again untasted, and the child ran back to her door-step as before. But it was very warm, and presently the little feet came pattering back, and the thirsty red lips were up again for a drink.

"Kitty, say please."

"Tan't say pease," So the baby went away thirsting again.

This experiment was repeated perhaps half a dozen times in the course of the afternoon, at first playfully as it seemed, but as the wee rebel began actually to suffer from heat and thirst, rather than say "please" it became a serious question how long she would hold out.

Supper time came, and Pet ran to her high chair.

"Mamma, lift Kitty up!"

"Please, mamma, lift Kitty," said her mother, gently.

Instantly the eager little face fell. Baby shook her head—muttered "tan't say 'pease,'" and turned away. Her father and mother and the rest of the children sat down to the table, but who could eat supper while that poor little outlaw stood back by the wall moaning with hunger and thirst! The mother yearned to take her in her arms and give her food and drink; but how could she? The little one knew that one dutiful word would bring her all she wanted, yet she refused to speak it. The question was fairly at issue—should the child obey the parents, or the parents submit to the child? It is an old and common dilemma, and in thousands of households the child carries the day; but Mrs. Hart did not believe God meant that to be the order of the world. So she took her baby to her own room, and set before her very tenderly and seriously her naughty behavior. She knelt down and prayed the Saviour to make her good and obedient; but after all Kitty could not say "pease" any better than before. At length, distressed and tired, and fairly alarmed about the little creature, who had not tasted drink since noon, she carried her to her father and begged him to take the case in hand. Mr. Hart began to talk with the young culprit playfully, nothing doubting he should soon bring her round. He gave her a great many words to speak, which she did all very readily till the troublesome word "please" came along; that she could not do. Year-and-a-half understood that to say that was to submit. So he grew serious, and told her he should have to whip her if she did not mind. Now Kitty and whipping were two things never before thought of in the same breath. She had always been an uncommonly sweet and gentle child, and nobody had ever guessed how much grit was latent in that little bosom. Nothing else would avail, however, and the whipping had to come. Still the baby remained obstinate and far from righteousness.

Feverish and exhausted, with parched lips crying for drink, yet inflexibly refusing to speak the little word which would bring it, she was put to bed in her crib. All the warm night she tossed and moaned in her unquiet sleep, or woke crying from thirst; but even then, sleepy and miserable as she was, she would only say, "Tan't say pease," when the water came near. For the father and mother that was a night of sleepless wretchedness, relieved only by prayer. They really began to fear that the child would sooner die than to submit to authority.

"Oh, pshaw, never mind the please; give her drink," many a father would have said. "Poor little thing! I must let the minding go till another time," most mothers would have thought; but Mr. and Mrs. Hart did not see it so. If it was like death for a will to yield after eighteen months' growth, what would it be after months and years of indulgence? God had committed to them this soul of his creating, to be trained for Himself; if she could not be made to obey her father whom she had seen, how should she become obedient to her Father in Heaven, whom she had not seen? The very fact that her will was so strong, made it the more imperative to their minds that it should be brought under the control of her conscience; they saw what a cruel tyrant it would prove if left to hold sway. The longer the struggle was protracted, the more likely it seemed that the result would be a final one, and the more important that the result should be right. Then the other children, who had been watching this new phase of family history with a kind of solemn dread—should they learn that the authority they had been taught to revere, could after all be trodden under the feet of the baby? It would not do. It had been early explained to the little one that it was her Heavenly Father's command that she should obey her parents, and that she was resisting His will; that father and mother felt that they had no right to annul His law. So the night wore away, and the morning broke, but brought no peace to the household, weighed down by the perverseness of its young rebel. She awoke worn and almost sick, but stubborn as ever.

Free will, indeed! What a grand, awful mystery it is! How, shrined in a dainty, delicate morsel of flesh, it can look out and defy the world! Terrible agent of evil—glorious worker of good! Kingliest of creation—a sovereign human will! What wonder heaven and hell contended for little Katy's will. So they do for every one. Happy the child whose parents steadfastly keep the right side in the conflict!

Kitty found an ally in the morning. A woman who occupied an adjoining tenement, having learned the state of things from the children, came in to plead for her. She assured Mrs. Hart that she was killing the child; that it was downright cruelty to treat her so; that if she had a little girl, she would never see her suffer when she could help it. All this fell on her sore and aching heart. The mother had already been tormented with fears that the heat and thirst and excitement would really be the death of her poor, naughty little darling. She tried to think of some compromise by which Kitty would be relieved without a sacrifice of parental government. At last she placed a mug of milk in a low chair, and left the little girl alone in the room, while her father and mother watched her unseen.

They saw her come up to the mug and press her hot little hands against it sides and begin to raise it to her thirsty lips, then suddenly to set it down with a piteous look, and went away moaning. It was a cruel battle between Desire and Honor for such a little heart. Again the little creature would come up and look wistfully into the mug full of milk—shake her head mournfully, and turn away. Kitty would not slink out of the difficulty, though her parents would let her; she or they must openly surrender. This little display of character made them clearer than ever that they should do the child a cruel wrong in helping her to break down the demands of her own conscience.

In the course of the morning, Mrs. Hart was relieved to see the family physician drive up to the door. She hastened to tell him the whole story, and ask whether she was risking too much. He advised her to "put it through; the little thing couldn't stand out much longer." Moreover, the good doctor straightway conceived a little stratagem for bringing her to terms. It was a great treat for any of the children to ride with him, and one to which Kitty had never yet arrived; so that when he proposed to take her this morning, she flushed up with delight, and began to caper about the room in high glee.

"Run and ask your mother to please put on your hat, then," said the doctor.

Instantly the bright little face faded; she lost all desire to go, if there was a "please" to it.

So the expedient failed.

It was getting towards noon—nearly twenty-four hours, during which Kitty had tasted neither food or drink. Persuasion and authority had been exhausted upon her, and still she wandered about the house, a wan, discontented little object, often crying, but as obstinate as ever.

Almost heart-broken to see her so, the mother took her to her arms once more and carried her to her chamber. Once again she showed the little girl how wretched her wilfulness was making herself and all the rest, and how it was grieving the dear Saviour. Then she knelt, and with tears implored that blessed Spirit who can melt every heart, to subdue the stubborn will. Suddenly the baby threw her arms around her neck and burst out, "pease, pease, pease, pease, pease, pease."

The grateful mother covered her with tears and kisses, and carried her down to the sitting-room, where she sprang into her father's arms, crying, "Pease, pease, pease!" as if she would never be done. Now she was all radiant with love and peace. The other children came running in to hear how Kitty could say please. She was ready to hug and kiss everybody. The whole family stood around laughing and crying to see her drink her cup of milk, and hardly able to let her alone long enough to drink it.

The house was full of joy. The battle was ended. Right had triumphed. It had been a terrible struggle, but it was once for all; from that day to this Kitty Hart has shown no disposition to resist rightful authority. Her will was not "broken"—that is an ugly phrase—it is a good, strong will yet; but it was brought under her conscience. It was rescued from being mere wilfulness.

These parents had tried all along to make their child understand that to resist them was to disobey her Father in heaven, and that this was the head and front of her offending.

As time went on, they found, to their surprise, reason to believe that she had understood it so well that in yielding to them at last, she had also submitted herself to Him. Mature years and new experience deepened and developed her Christian life, but it never seemed necessary for Kitty to be converted after she was a year old. It appeared that the Redeemer had crowned their prayers and fidelity, and ended that long contest by changing the heart of stone to a heart of flesh, and sending His Spirit into it crying, Abba, Father.

Ah, these cries in child hearts mean more than we think! Eternal issues are pending when we little dream of it.—*Congregationalist.*

"Oroide" Watches.

For a considerable time past "oroide" watches have been widely advertised, and a too gullible public has doubtless made the trade in these inferior and often worthless time-keepers a profitable one. The following sketch shows the manner in which they are manufactured:—

"In Switzerland the several pieces that go to make the complete watch are made at separate factories remote from each other, and the watch-maker is the party who puts the different pieces together. The watch-maker purchases his stock by the thousand or ten thousand pieces from the different factories. As a consequence of such a want of system in making the different pieces, there are always large quantities improperly finished and imperfect. These imperfect pieces are again slightly altered and put together, and constitute the movement for the 'oroide watch.' These movements are placed in brass cases manufactured for this very purpose, costing about seventy-five cents each, and exported to England and America, where it has been definitely settled the greatest number of fools exist. The French Government will not admit them unless they are truly and correctly described, and the English Government places them under the ban in so far as to prohibit the use of genuine names or trade-marks: but, like our own Government, it reaps a profit from their importation and sale. These are the famous 'oroide' watches. They are worth, according to some of our largest genuine practical dealers and watch-makers in this city (New York,) from $1.80 to $4 each. The very best quality cost but $55 a dozen. They sell in the bogus stores from $7 to $25 each—and often for double and treble those sums.—*American Artisan.*

☞ Bleeding from the Nose.—Put a piece of paper in your mouth, chew in rapidly, and it will stop your nose from bleeding. This remedy has been tried frequently, it is stated, and always with success. Physicians say that placing a small roll of paper or muslin above the front teeth, under the upper lip, and pressing hard on the same, will arrest bleeding from the nose, checking the passage of blood through the arteries leading to the nose.

☞ Lines were drawn very plainly sometimes in the former days. Said a friend to a minister in Connecticut, "So you are to be settled over the people at Southington, I hear." "Yes," he replied, "if I am to be settled at Southington, it will be *over* the people there, and not *under* them."

Cure for Cancer.

Dr. Samuel Baker, of this city, reports to us a remarkable case of cancer and a cure for the same. His statement is made from information derived from the afflicted person and her husband. While lecturing at Deerfield upon his favorite subject, the teeth, his attention was called to this case, and he made a personal call upon Capt. J. W. James, of Deerfield Centre, the husband of the suffering lady, and learned that Mrs. James had for a long time been afflicted with what were called "Rose cancers." By the use of the remedy which she had discovered on close observation of an old lady who had a reputation for curing cancers, she had removed as many as thirty from her own body. The remedy used was a salve made from the juice of the "wood sorrel," which was gathered in a green state, the juice expressed and evaporated to the consistency of a paste, in the sun, and applied to the cancerous part. In a few days the diseased portion could be removed, attended with some pain. This remedy had been used by other persons with like success, and the attention of those afflicted was especially called to it by the editor of the Lacouia Democrat, whose wife had used it successfully.

Wood sorrel is generally to be found in woods or shady places, growing in clusters or bunches, about six inches high, of a pale green color, with a leaf about the size of the ear of a mouse, but in shape of clover, is of an agreeable acid flavor, and is generally well known by children.—*Portsmouth (N. H.) Journal.*

☞ Forty Years.—Forty years once seemed a long and weary pilgrimage to tread. It now seems but a step. And yet along the way are broken shrines where a thousand hopes have wasted into ashes; footprints sacred under the drifting dust; green mounds, the grass of which is fresh with the watering of tears; shadows, even, which we would not forget.

IMMENSE SUCCESS.

EMERSON'S UNEQUALLED CHURCH MUSIC BOOK.

THE CHORAL TRIBUTE.

35,000 Now in Use.

Price, $1.50. $13.50 per dozen.
Sample copies mailed free on receipt of price.
OLIVER DITSON & CO.,
277 Washington St., Boston.
CHARLES H. DITSON & CO., Publishers,
711 Broadway, New York.

SENSIBLE

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

DOTY'S
CLOTHES WASHER.

CLEANSES GARMENTS

QUICKLY AND THOROUGHLY,

WITHOUT RUBBING.

Saving its cost every year by saving clothes.

AND THE

UNIVERSAL
CLOTHES WRINGER.

EVERYWHERE ACKNOWLEDGED

The Strongest, Most Durable, and Efficient Wringer Made.

☞ *Try it with any and all others.*

☞ *Sold by dealers generally.*

R. C. BROWNING, General Agent,
dec25-4t No. 32 Cortlandt St., New York.

LARGEST—BEST—CHEAPEST!

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

THE GREAT ILLUSTRATED

Rural, Literary and Family Weekly.

Moore's Rural Excels in Contents, Size, Style, Illustrations, &c. Sixteen Double-Quarto Pages of Five Columns Each. Ably Edited, Beautifully Illustrated, Neatly Printed, and adapted to both town and country. The Rural is profusely and splendidly illustrated—the volume just closed containing *Over Eight Hundred Engravings!*

THE RURAL FOR 1870

Will be the Largest, Best and Cheapest Illustrated Journal of its Class in the World! Only $2 a year—$2.25 in clubs. All who form clubs will get

"GOOD PAY FOR DOING GOOD!"

A choice of *Over One Hundred Valuable Premiums!* Specimens, Premium Lists, Posters, &c., sent free.
D. D. T. MOORE,
41 Park Row, New York.

AGENTS WANTED FOR

"WONDERS OF THE WORLD."

OVER ONE THOUSAND ILLUSTRATIONS.
The largest, best selling, and most attractive subscription book ever published. Send for circulars, with terms, at once. Address U. S. PUBLISHING CO., 411 Broome St., New York, 129 South Clark St., Chicago, Ills., and 177 West Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio. jan1-3m

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE.

Magnifying 500 times, mailed for 50 Cents. Three for $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN, jan1-tf Box 290, Boston, Mass.

Free to Book Agents.

We will send a handsome Prospectus of our *New Illustrated Family Bible* to any Book Agent, free of charge. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa. nov20-3m

AGENTS.—OROIDE GOLD.—AGENTS. $20 a day made easy. Oroide Gold Pat. Fountain Pen. Is indestructible. Writes 4 pages with one dip. *Sells at sight*—looks like 16-karat gold. Sample box, 12 pens, for 25 cents, post-paid; also other novelties. Cist Novelty Co., 404 Library St., Philadelphia, Pa. dec18-3m

THE MAGIC EGG.—Agents wanted. Sample and terms mailed on receipt of 10 cents. Address W. EARL, 26 Laight st., New York. dec18-4t

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.

Twenty cents for each additional insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

VEGATENA,
FOR THE HAIR.

Manufactured from the pure sweet oil of a vegetable, grown in South America, whose inhabitants alone have been familiar with the secret properties now so well established by the manufacturer of Vegatena, As a restorative and promoter of the growth of the human hair, preventing it from dressing and coming out, cleansing, keeping the head cool, pleasant and healthful, gradually darkening and restoring gray hair to its natural color, thousands can attest to its efficacy, who, by sickness or otherwise, having lost their hair, are now blessed with an abundance of beautiful and luxurious locks, by the persevering use of *Vegatena*. As a dressing both pleasant and healthful it is perfect, producing a soft, glossy and elegant appearance, retaining its delightful and delicate perfume until the last drop is used; perfectly transparent and without sediment.

No lady or gentleman's toilet is complete without Vegatena. By those who have not used Vegatena, it has only to be tried to be appreciated. *Price, one dollar per bottle.* Put up in substantial boxes for expressing, when so desired.

Those clubbing together and ordering by mail, for six bottles, or more, enclosing price, will be promptly forwarded to one address, *free of express charges.*

W. BAILEY & CO.,
Sole Manufacturers and Proprietors.
Office and sales room, No. 920 Chestnut St.,
Philadelphia.

☞ The trade supplied at wholesale rates.
dec25-3m

WANTED.—Agents, Teachers, Students, Clergymen, Farmers' sons and daughters, and all to sell

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS
BEHIND THE SCENES
OLIVE LOGAN

The Great Reformer of the Stage.

This interesting work is a pure, high-toned review of the amusement world, from a moral stand-point, by one of the most brilliant writers and advanced thinkers of our day, who, taking advantage of her early training and varied experience, shows the practical effect of life Behind the Scenes. She points out the dangers to the young, and marks, with the precision of a pilot, the Rocks and the Shoals, the Currents and the Eddies that are almost certain to wreck any soul that dares to enter the Show World, with its false attractions, and deceptive glitter. It ought to be placed in the hands of all young persons to show the hollow mockery of all fashionable amusements, and shield them from these allurements. It ought to be in the hands of older persons, church members, and leaders in society, as it gives reliable information of everything pertaining to the subject of Operas, Theatres, Concerts, Circuses, Menageries, &c., enabling one to meet every argument which may be advanced in favor of these popular catch-pennies.

The doors of the Green Room are opened wide, that all may see for themselves how things are done out of sight of the audience. All the clap-trap of Gauze and Tinsel, Spangles and Paint, Pads and Wigs, the character of stars, their ludicrous blunders, shams, piques, jealousies, quarrels, frailties and vices, which are so carefully concealed by the profession, are fully revealed by Miss Logan, the Retired Actress. Thus giving reliable information on a subject of which the people know less than of any other of like interest.

Beautifully illustrated with about 60 *spirited* engravings, 32 full-page cuts, 350 pages, on rose-tinted paper. Greatest inducements yet offered. Prospectus, sample copy, boxes, and stationery, *Free.* For circular, explaining, address immediately, FARMELEE & CO., Publishers, either at Philadelphia, Pa., Cincinnati, Ohio, or Middletown, Conn. nov6-3m

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE

Sights and Secrets
OF THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.

The most startling, instructive, and entertaining book of the day. Send for circulars, and see our terms. Address U. S. PUBLISHING CO.,
411 Broome St., New York.
oct16-3m 129 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED.—*GREAT HINDOO PUZZLE.* Samples sent by mail on receipt of 50 cts. Hindoo Manufacturing Co., 404 Library St., Philadelphia. dec11 4t

"IT STILL WAVES."—The old favorite, the "STAR SPANGLED BANNER." January number just out, NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE. Every number contains 40 long columns, 8 pages, *Ledger* size, 480 long columns of splendid reading during 1870. Four columns of "swindling exposure" in every number. In fact the whole paper is brimming with Wit, Humor, Fun, Sense and Nonsense, Wit, Wisdom and Wiles, Fun, Fact and Fancy. It is Rich, Rare and Racy; Smart, Spicy and Sparkling. It exposed 100 swindlers last year, and is bound to "show up" rascality without fear or favor. You NEED it. There is nothing LIKE it. It will instruct, amuse, and will SAVE YOU MONEY. We give the superb steel plate 1½ by 2 feet in size, entitled "Evangeline" "mount it on roller, and send it GRATIS and the paper till 1871, all for only 75 cents. Engraving alone sells for $2. It is NOT a "sell." Has been published regular since 1865. Largest circulation in New Hampshire. If you try it ONE year you will come again. You have often thought of subscribing—NOW IS JUST THE TIME. We will refund your money if you are not PERFECTLY SATISFIED. IT WILL PAY. You run no risk. Buy a copy of any news man, or send six cents and receive one by mail. However you get the elegant parlor engraving, "Evangeline," (richly worth $2,) and the paper a whole year, all for only 75 cts. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED, or will return your cash. Address "*STAR SPANGLED BANNER,*" Hinsdale, N. H.

A GIFT.—AGENTS WANTED. The "*Exclusive Magazine,*" for Jan., 1870, a "Religious, Literary Journal," sent GRATIS to everybody. Splendid terms to agents with all particulars. C. L. Van Allen, 171 Broadway, New York.

"Illustrated Book of Wonders," and sample of our "*Gold Oroide Pens,*" mailed free. Address B. FOX & CO., Station A, New York. oct23-1y

YOUR DESTINY! WHAT IS IT?

An experienced clairvoyant will, on receipt of 30 cents and stamp envelope, send a written destiny. News of absent friends, marriage, likeness, fortune, &c., given while in a state of trance. None have written who were not surprised at the truthful predictions. Address, with lock of hair, Miss KATE MARKOE, Station D., New York. dec11-6m

HUNTER'S GUIDE.—Revised, Enlarged, New Secrets added. 34,000 already sold. Twenty-seventh edition of 3000 copies NOW READY, enlarged, twenty new trapping secrets added (three cost $5 each). *THE HUNTER'S GUIDE and TRAPPER'S COMPANION* tells how to hunt and trap ALL animals, from mink to bear, to make traps, boats, &c. How to tan and dress all hides, &c., &c., &c. color furs and skins. New secrets just added. The secret recipes in this book would cost $20 anywhere else. Tells how to hunt, fish, has hunting narratives, &c., &c. A NEW BOOK, well printed and bound, 84 pp. Price (not $1) but 25 cents; six for $1, mailed free. Beware of "Recipes" "10 cent papers" and swindles. Sold by all dealers. All who can't get newsdealers sell it. *Send for one.* Worth $10 to any farmer, hunter, or boy. Only a "quarter." Address HUNTER & CO., Publishers, Hinsdale, N. H.

10 GALLONS OF WHISKEY FOR $1. Instructions mailed for 25 cents. Address S. C. WEST, Port Deposit, Maryland. oct30-3m

"Oak Hall Clothing is in every respect so superior, that we may safely style it the 'Champion' Clothing of America."

FOR FALL AND WINTER,

1869.

SUPERIOR

READY-MADE CLOTHING.

Best Materials, Best Workmanship. } Lowest Priced { Best Styles, Best Everything.

CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER.

Finest Piece Goods, Greatest Variety. } Artistic Work { Most Skilful Cutters, Most Careful Makers.

YOUTHS' & BOYS' CLOTHING.

New Styles, Tasteful Garments. } Wear Well { For all Purposes, For all Ages.

GENTLEMENS' FURNISHING GOODS.

Collars and Cravats, Shirts and Suspenders, } Best in the City { Handkerchiefs & Gloves, Under Garments, &c.

A liberal deduction is always made by this House to Ministers, Missionaries, Editors of Religious Journals, &c.

Orders are received from all parts of the country, and promptly and satisfactorily filled. Samples sent when desired.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,
PROPRIETORS,
OAK HALL BUILDINGS,
Whole Block on Sixth St., from Market to Minor, Philada. } Sixth and Market Streets,
PHILADELPHIA.
oct16-3m

FORTY THOUSAND CASES OF GOODS were shipped from our house in one year, to families, clubs and merchants, in every part of the country, from Maine to California, amounting in value to over

ONE MILLION DOLLARS.

Our facilities for transacting this immense business are better than ever before. We have agents in all the principal cities to purchase goods from the manufacturers, importers, and others, for **Cash,** and often at an immense sacrifice from the original cost of production.

Our stock consists, in part, of the following goods:

Shawls, Blankets, Quilts, Cottons, Ginghams, Dress Goods, Table Linen, Towels, Hosiery, Gloves, Skirts, Corsets, &c., &c.

Silver-Plated Ware, Spoons plated on Nickel Silver, Dessert Forks, Soc-bottle plated Castors, Britannia Ware, Glass Ware, Table and Pocket Cutlery, in great variety.

Elegant French and German Fancy Goods, Beautiful Photograph Albums, the newest and choicest styles in Morocco and Velvet Bindings.

Morocco Travelling Bags, Handkerchief and Glove Boxes, &c.

Gold and Plated Jewelry of the newest styles.

We have also made arrangements with some of the leading publishing houses, that will enable us to sell the standard and latest works of popular authors at about one-half the regular price:—such as BYRON, MOORE, BURNS, MILTON, and TENNYSON'S WORKS, in full gilt and cloth bindings—and hundreds of others. These and everything else for

ONE DOLLAR FOR EACH ARTICLE.

We do not offer a single article of merchandise, that can be sold by regular dealers at our price. We do not ask you to buy goods from us unless we can sell them cheaper than you can obtain them in any other way—while the greater part of our goods are sold at about

One-Half the Regular Rates.

We want good reliable agents in every part of the country. By employing your spare time to form clubs and sending us orders, you can obtain the most liberal commissions, either in **Cash** or **Merchandise,** and all goods sent by us will be as represented, and we guarantee satisfaction to every one dealing with our house.

As the holidays are coming, we are making special arrangements to supply *every one* who reads our advertisement, with the most handsome and useful holiday presents that can be thought of or wished for, and to enable them to procure them cheaply and expeditiously, we will give to any one who will become our agents, *One Hundred Free Tickets,* enumerating some of the many different articles from which you can make your selection of holiday presents.

For returning full clubs from these Free Tickets, accompanied by the cash, we will give the same extra premiums that we now give, just the same as if you had paid 10 cents for each one of your tickets. We wish you to understand that not any other firm in the business can compete with us in any way whatever.

As this free ticket is only good for the holidays, you must send in your orders before the 20th of January, 1870.

In every order amounting to over $50, accompanied by the cash, the agent may retain $2.00, and in every order of over $100, $5.00 may be retained to

PAY THE EXPRESS CHARGES.

This offer is more especially to assist agents in the Western and Southern States, but is open to all customers.

COMMISSIONS:

Agents will be paid ten per cent. in cash or merchandise, when they *fill up their entire club,* for which below we give a partial list of commissions:

For an order of $30, from a club of thirty, we will pay the agent, as commission, 3 yds. Brown or Bleached Sheeting, good Dress Pattern, Wool Square Shawl, French Cassimere Pants and Vest Pattern, 9-4 large White Counterpane, etc., etc., or $3 in cash.

For an order of $50, from a club of fifty, we will pay the agent, as commission, 45 yds. Sheeting, one pair heavy Wool Blankets, Poplin Dress Pattern, handsome Wool Square Shawl, Silver Case Watch, etc., etc., or $5 in cash.

For an order of $100, from a club of one hundred, we will pay the agent, as commission, 100 yds good 7-8 wide Sheeting, Coin-silver Hunting Case Watch, rich long Wool Shawl, suit of all Wool French Cassimere, etc., etc., or $10 in cash.

We do not employ any travelling agents, and customers should not pay money to persons purporting to be our agents, *unless personally acquainted.*

SEND MONEY ALWAYS BY REGISTERED LETTERS.

For further particulars send for our new eight-page catalogue.

PARKER & CO.,
oct9-1y 98 and 100 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

FOUND AT LAST.—Watches Superseded.—The Dollar Time Keeper.—A PERFECT GEM.—Elegantly cased in Oriode of Gold, Superior Compass attachment, Enameled Dial, Silver and Brass works, glass crystal, size of ladies watch. Will denote correct time, warranted FIVE years, superb and showy case, entirely of metal. This is no WOOD Compass. Is entirely new, patented. 6500 sold in three weeks. Only $1 each, three for $2, in neat case, mailed free. Trade supplied. Address the sole manufacturers MAGNETIC WATCH CO.,
Hinsdale, N. H.

THE HIGHEST PREMIUMS

AT THE LEADING

FAIRS AND EXHIBITIONS

OF THE

UNITED STATES AND EUROPE,

INCLUDING THE GRAND PRIZE,

THE CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOR,

At the Exposition Universelle,

HAVE BEEN AWARDED THE

GROVER & BAKER MACHINES.

SALESROOMS:

495 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,
730 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

☞ An illustrated pamphlet, containing price lists, with samples of both the Grover & Baker Stitch and the Shuttle Stitch in various fabrics, will be furnished on request. jan1-3m

RUPTURE
RADICALLY CURED.

DR. J. A. SHERMAN, ARTISTIC SURGEON, respectfully offers his services in the application of his Rupture Curative Appliances, at his office, **697 BROADWAY, cor. 4th St.,** New York.

The great experience of Dr. SHERMAN, resulting from his long and constant devotion to the treatment and cure of this disease, assures him of his ability to relieve all, without regard to the age of the patient or duration of the infirmity, or the difficulties which they may have heretofore encountered in seeking relief. Dr. S. as principal of the Rupture Curative Institute, New Orleans, for a period of more than fifteen years, had under his care the worst cases in the country, all of which were effectually relieved, and many, to their great joy, restored to a sound body.

None of the pains and injuries, resulting from the use of other Trusses, are found in Dr. Sherman's Appliances; and, with a full knowledge of the assertion, he promises greater security and comfort, with a daily improvement in the disease, than can be obtained of any other person, or in the inventions of any other person in the United States.

Prices to suit all classes. It is the only, as well as the cheapest remedy ever offered the afflicted. Photographic likenesses of bad cases before and after treatment and cure mailed on receipt of TEN cents.

je19-1y

THE

Berkshire Life Insurance Co.,

PITTSFIELD, MASS.,

Hon. THOS. M. PLUNKETT, President.

JAMES FRANCIS, Vice President.

BENJ. CHICKERING, Sec'y and Treasurer.

JACOB L. GREENE, Assistant Secretary.

This company offers *Greater Inducements to Policy Holders than any other company in the country.*

It has a Perpetual Charter, a Purely Mutual Plan, Assets over a Million and a Quarter, able and trustworthy officers. An enviable reputation of seventeen years standing.

The BERKSHIRE was the FIRST COMPANY in the United States to make ALL of its Policies NON-FORFEITABLE.

Every Policy issued by this Company since April, A. D. 1861, is NON-FORFEITABLE, and so *expressed* in the Policy.

An ANNUAL Payment Life Policy is NOT FORFEITED by failure to pay Premium when due, but is continued in force under the Massachusetts Law of April, 1861.

EXAMPLE AT AGE 35.

One annual payment keeps the policy in force two years and three days.
Two annual payments, four years and twelve days.
Three annual payments, six years and twenty-seven days.
Four annual payments, eight years and forty-six days.
Five annual payments, ten years and thirty-six days.
Six annual payments, twelve years and forty-one days.
Nineteen annual payments, thirty years and a hundred and sixty-one days.

All Profits Equitably Divided annually among the insured on the *Contribution Plan,* affording an Annual Dividend to Policy Holders ranging from **Thirty to Seventy per cent.** of the premium.

WM. H. GRAVES, General Agent.

PHILADELPHIA OFFICE,
329 Walnut Street.

GOOD AGENTS WANTED.

CALL OR SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

feb18-1y

PERFECTLY RELIABLE. Established 1865. *Satisfaction Guaranteed,* "Star Spangled Banner" 75 cents a year.

$60 A WEEK FOR AGENTS to sell the greatest book ever published: *Illustrated Magic Wand and Medical Guide and Book of Nature combined,* 220 pages. Sample copies mailed free for 50 cents. *Mammoth circulars free.* DR. R. F. YOUNG & CO., 590 Broadway, N. Y. dec25-4t

DO NOT BE SWINDLED.—Read STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

MAGNETIC COMB—Warranted to curl permanent and harmlessly the straightest hair or money refunded. One comb, free by mail, 50 cents; 3 for $1.00. Address J. W. BANNAS, Appleton, Ohio. dec25-20t

S. S. B. "SO SAID BILL." The *Star Spangled Banner* saved me from sending $10 to a swindler.

$20 A DAY MADE AT HOME.—30 entirely new articles for agents. Samples sent free. Address "THE STAR,"
dec25-12t Vernon, New Jersey.

PALMER
1866
PATENTS. BEST IN USE.
PRINCIPAL OFFICE
1609 CHESTNUT STREET
PHILADELPHIA.
ADDRESS THE INVENTOR.

DR. B. FRANK. PALMER, Pres't A. A. Limb Co.

These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

Dr. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All Genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations,* and full information for *persons in want of limbs,* sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made *solely* by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to DR. PALMER, as above directed. oct30-1y

Have you seen it? If not, ☞ Send for Circular.

SCIENCE of A NEW LIFE

A New Book, of great importance and intense interest to the married and those about to marry. Address (with stamp,) COWAN & CO., 746 Broadway, New York City.

☞ Agents Wanted everywhere. sep11-6m

WATCH SWINDLES. Humbug Music Boxes. Bogus Money. Four columns of "Ventilations" in the "STAR SPANGLED BANNER."

READER—If you want *work for the winter,* at a salary of $27 per week and expenses paid, send your address with stamp to SMITH BRO. & CO., Owasco, Mich. dec25-4t

CURL YOUR HAIR

THE RECEIPT, an entirely new Discovery, for making Straight Hair Curl, and remaining so, mailed for two stamps. Address E. THORNTON, Hoboken, New Jersey. sep26-6m

AGENTS wanted everywhere. Brown's Patent Double Cone Ventilating Damper gives the most heat with the least fuel. Send for circulars. O. E. BRIGGS & CO., 184 Washington St., New York. nov27-3m

VINEGAR. HOW MADE FROM Cider, Wine, Molasses, or Sorghum in 10 hours, without using drugs. For circulars, address F. I. SAGE, Vinegar Maker, Cromwell, Conn. aug11-1y

11-2 BY 2 FEET IS THE superb new plate, "Evangeline" given free to all who send 75 cents for the "Star Spangled Banner" for 1870.

EXECUTRIX SALE
OF THE
FINE ART COLLECTION
OF THE LATE
THOMAS THOMPSON, ESQ.

By R. H. LEEDS & MINER, Auctioneers, Art Galleries, 817 and 819 Broadway, N. Y., commencing Monday, February 7th, and continuing day and evening until the entire collection shall be sold.

This collection is believed to be the most extensive and valuable ever owned in the United States. Comprising more than a thousand pictures from European artists, from the 13th century to the present time, including many originals of great value, also many hundred Paintings from celebrated American artists.

The entire collection will be sold without reserve or limitation, to close the estate.

The Catalogue, a book of more than 100 closely printed pages, will be forwarded on receipt of 25 cents. Address the Auctioneers.

VICK'S
FLORAL GUIDE
FOR 1870.

THE FIRST EDITION OF ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY THOUSAND copies of *VICK'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF SEEDS AND FLORAL GUIDE,* is published and ready to send out. It is elegantly printed on fine tinted paper, with about 200 fine wood Engravings of Flowers and Vegetables, and a beautiful **Colored Plate**—consisting of seven varieties of Phlox Drummondii, making a fine

BOQUET OF PHLOXES.

It is the most beautiful, as well as the most instructive Floral Guide published, giving plain and thorough directions for the

Culture of Flowers and Vegetables.

The Floral Guide is published for the benefit of my customers, to whom it is sent free without application, but will be forwarded to all who apply by mail, for Ten Cents, which is not half the cost. Address

JAMES VICK, Rochester, New York.

POCKET REVOLVERS.—WEST'S Six-Shooter. A neat, durable weapon, four-inch barrel. Price $1.50, post-paid. Address S. G. AUSTIN, Elsie, Mich.

Young Men Why Don't You Go To Work!

I can furnish a few live men in every county with steady employment and pay a salary of $30 a week for six months. Business light and respectable. Suitable for an office or for travelling. I have no cheap, catch-penny affair, but one of the most useful, ingenious and wonderful little machines ever invented. A Genuine Curiosity. It won't cost you much to write to me, and I will send $1.00 to any one who is dissatisfied with the investigation. Address, enclosing stamp, R. H. WALKER, 38 John Street, New York, (P. O. Box 3980.)

Persons thinking of advertising to any extent will do well before making contracts to apply to

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.
Advertising Agents,

for an estimate. They have unequalled facilities for securing an insertion of advertisements in all newspapers and periodicals at low rates. Address them at

40 PARK ROW, N.Y.

Inclosing stamp for their circular containing the names of more than One Thousand Newspapers and cost of advertising in them.

COMMON SENSE!

WANTED—AGENTS.—$250 per month to sell the only *GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE.* Price only $18. Great inducements to agents. This is the most popular Sewing Machine of the day—makes the famous "Elastic Lock Stitch"—will do any kind of work that can be done on any machine—100,000 sold and the demand constantly increasing. Now is the time to take an agency. Send for circulars ☞ *Beware of infringers.* ☜ Address SECOMB & CO., Boston, Mass., Pittsburg, Pa., or St. Louis, Mo.

$290 for first class **new 7 Octave Pianos.** Sent on trial. U. S. PIANO CO., New York.

The DOLLAR Sun.
CHAS. A. DANA, EDITOR.

The cheapest, smartest, and best New York newspaper. Everybody likes it. Three editions: DAILY, $6; SEMI-WEEKLY, $2; and WEEKLY, $1 a year. ALL THE NEWS at half-price. Full reports of markets, agriculture, Farmers' and Fruit Growers' Clubs, and a complete story in every Weekly and Semi-Weekly number. A present of valuable plants and vines to every subscriber; inducements to canvassers unsurpassed. $1,000 Life Insurance, Grand Pianos, Mowing Machines, Parlor Organs, Sewing Machines, &c., among the premiums. Specimens and lists free. Send a Dollar and try it.

I. W. ENGLAND, Publisher Sun, New York.

Collegiate and Commercial Institute, (Gen. Russell's School,) New Haven, Conn. Winter term begins Jan. 11.

ROBINSON'S
ANTIDOTE FOR INTEMPERANCE

Is an infallible cure for this fearful vice. Its use will at once remove the taste or desire for stimulants, and will soon create an actual dislike for them. It can be administered in tea, coffee, or even water, without exciting suspicion, as it is free from taste or smell. ☞ **Every Victim of Intemperance can be Cured.** Price $2 per box. Sent free by mail on receipt of the money. Sold by druggists, or address GEO. E. ROBINSON & CO., Druggists, corner Court and Harrison Sts., Brooklyn, New York.

TO THE WORKING CLASS. We are now prepared to furnish all classes with constant employment at home, the whole of the time or for the spare moments. Business now, light and profitable. Persons of either sex easily earn from 50 cents to $5 per evening, and a proportional sum by devoting their whole time to the business. Boys and girls earn nearly as much as men. That all who see this notice may send their address, and test the business, we make this unparalleled offer: To such as are not well satisfied, we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing. Full particulars, a valuable sample, which will do to commence work on, and a copy of *The People's Literary Companion*—one of the largest and best family newspapers published—all sent free by mail. Reader, if you want permanent, profitable work, address E. C. ALLEN & CO., Augusta, Maine.

OUR MOTTO IS
TO XL ALL,

Both in quality and quantity of goods, as our agents will testify, being the oldest house in the country, selling each article for one dollar, shipping all goods the day the order is received, having a large stock to select from of first-class goods bought expressly for full trade, and to satisfy all that we are reliable, we give below (reference by permission), Jordan, Marsh & Co.; Geo. S. Winslow & Co.; Boston Silver Plate Co.; Lee & Shepard.

P. S. Send for circular. Address EASTMAN & KENDALL, 33 Hawley St., Boston. P. O. Box E.

EMPLOYMENT.—Any number of ladies or gentlemen can make from $10 to $20 per week, in a light and easy business, requiring no capital, and can be done wholly in the evening. Send 25c for circulars and samples, or stamp for circular. MARSH & Co., 7 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

KNIT—KNIT—KNIT.

AGENTS WANTED everywhere to sell the AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE, the only practical family Knitting Machine ever invented. Price $25. Will knit 20,000 stitches per minute. Address AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE CO., Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gout and all local debilities cured by using the

SHELDON SPRING WATER.

Book of thirty pages, with certificates, sent free. Address J. W. BEALS, Treas'r, Boston, Mass.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A Rheumatic Patient.

The following amusing sketch is taken from an old Boston paper:—

Well, thin, I tuk a very bad cold as long ago as St. Patrick's day; and faith now and wan't it a hard one? Botheration to it—it gave me such a rheumatix in the leg that I couldn't stand up without falling down—and whinever I walked, faith and 'cuns, I just stood still, and when I went to bed I sit up all night. Well, me old woman doctbored me, as she used to do in my own counthry, but a divil a bit the good did it do.

If I was in a free counthry I could not get *freed* from the rheumatis; so I sent for the doctor. And when he did come, and sure thinks I, now I'll be for getting well in less than no time. So he walks up to me, and says he,

"Let's see your tongue."

"Me tongue is it ye'd be afther seeing? Don't you mane the leg, says I, for faith that's what pains me?"

"No; I mane your tongue," says he; "that will indicate the state of your legs."

"The divil it will; what a sthrange counthry this free counthry is." So I put out me tongue, and the docthor said it was a very bad one, entirely.

"And now," says he, "let me have your wrist."

"Me wrist," says I; "don't you mane me knee? for sure nothing is the matter of me wrist."

"No, it's your wrist I want," says he, "to be after feeling your *pulse*."

"After feeling for me *purse*. Ah, ye divil, ye! that is your game," says I.

"Your pulse, not your purse," says he.

So after feeling me pulse, as he called it, he said I had the inflammatory rheumatism, and that I must be blid. Well, Misther Editor, he blid me and then gave me some white powthers to take, and I got worse ivery day of me life. Faith now, I couldn't sthraiten me leg at all, and me misthery was complete it was. Well, this docthor attended me six months—and I groud worse all the time. So I told him not to come any more, for he did me no good. And sure, in less than an hour he sent in his bill, and oh, murther! he had charged me one hundred dollars, and all for 'making me worse. The divil take 'm, says I. It was my *purse*, after all, that he wanted. This counthry is most too free for me, faith it is. Well, the blackguard that brought the bill, said that it must be paid thin, or the docthor would be afther getting an execution on everything we had.

"Oh, murtheration!" said me ould woman, "is that monsther of a docthor going to *execute* my dear man?" So she ran to the Savings Bank, and was back before she starthed with the money, and gave it to the blackguard, who made thracks with it. What a divil of a free counthry it is, thought I—and what free docthors!

Well, Misther Editor, just at this moment John Carney came in, and tould me there was a place in Salem Strate, where they could cure the rheumatix before a man had it.

"Faith, now, and how are they doing it?" says I.

"They stame it out of 'em," says he.

"I'll be afther trying it," says I. So John got a coach and tuk me right down there. Well, the Thompsonian docthor told me I could walk before night. Divil a bit says I, for I can't stand on me throtters. We shall see, says he. So he give me a cupful of stuff to drink; and, oh! St. Patrick, wasn't it hot? But this wan't after being a beginning. He then gave me some medicine; and after than he put me in a stame-box and sweat me. Blood and 'ouns, what a staming I got. But I felt all the better for it. He then put me in bed, and put a *young steam-box* to me throtters. Then he brought me a cupfull of stuff he called coffee, and said Lobilia was in it.

"What will it be afther doing to me?" says I.

"It will make yes vomit," says he.

"What!" says I, "you don't mane to say I shall vomit up the rheumatiz?"

"I shouldn't wonder," says he. So I down with it.

"Oh, murther, what a dose!" says I. "Instead of *low*-Billy, I think it's *high*-Johnny, for sure it's high stuff!"

Well, in less than no time I felt very bad, entirely—just as if I had two Kilkenny cats in me. But after I vomited freely, I felt like another man. He then put me in the stame-box agen, and stamed me a few minutes. I thin dhressed meself, and as thrue as I'm an Irishman, I could walk quite aisy—and in a few days I was well entirely. I only had to pay thra dollars for being cured. It is a pretty free counthry afther all, thinks I. Well, whin I wint home that night me ould woman didn't know me—and faith, I hardly knew meself! I was not the same man at all that I was in the morning—and Bridget could not belave her own eyes. She said she had been afther hearing much about stame, but she did not belave before that they could stame a man well in less than no time.

Explicit.

A Yankee riding up to a Dutchman exclaimed:—

"Well, stranger, for acquaintance sake, what might be your name?"

"Vy, my name ish Haunce Hollenboffenheffengreffenstemburg?"

"By Cape Cod! if that ain't as long as a pumpkin vine! Well, I hain't no time to lose, I'm on a speculatin'! Tell me the way to Tamaqua."

"To Tamaqua! Vell, you see dat road pon de hill?"—pointing in the direction.

"Oh yes, I see it."

"Vell, den, you musht not take that road. Yee see dish road by the coal bank?"

"Yes."

"Vell, dat is not tee road tee; but you musht go right by the barn dore, and ven you see von road crooks just so, (bending his elbows, and describing at the same time,) and ven you get dare keep right along till you gits furder. Vell, den you will turn tee potato patch round tee bridge over tee river up stream, an te hill up, and tirecly you see mine prudder Fritz's parn, shinkled mit straw, dat's de house vere mine prudder lives. He'll dell you so better as I can. And you go alittle furder two roads—you must not take both of 'em."

The Yankee rode off at the top of his speed.

☞ Josh Billings says "there is no more real satisfaction in laying up in your buzzum an injury, than there is in stuffing a ded hornet who has stung you, and keeping him to look at."

THE LONG-CHERISHED DESIRE OF A LIFE-TIME.

YOUNG ENTHUSIAST.—"What! Cook going to leave! Oh, mamma, mamma! Then, *at last*, perhaps, I shall be allowed to *clean the front-door steps!*"

An Inquisitive Traveller.

A correspondent relates the following as his own personal experience:—

I left New York for Albany in no very pleasant mood. Getting up for an early train is neither customary nor agreeable with me; the coffee was muddy, and the toast was abominable. I got into a muss with a hackman about my fare to the depot, my finger was jammed in the car door, and a fat man stepped on my toe as I moved to my seat. My face, I know, looked forbidding, and though the car was full the seat beside me was not taken. We had gone past one or two stations, when a tall, broad-shouldered, farmer-looking fellow got into the car, and without a "By your leave," or "Is this seat engaged?" down he sat by me. I gave him a severe look that ought to have annihilated him, and the car moved on. By-and-by my attention was attracted by a gentle touch.

"Pleasant day."

I gave him to understand, in a curt way, that I didn't care if it was. After a while he reached his long neck out by me and said, yawningly—

"Looks as of we should hev some rain, soon."

I let the remark pass without reply, determined he should not draw me out. After some miles, he again spoke—

"Killed a hog last night."

"Well, what's that to me?" I said, sharply.

"Guess how much it weighed."

"O, don't bother me—six hundred pounds."

"Guess ag'n," after a pause.

"Well, say a hundred pounds."

The challenge to guess had a trifle of interest in it, but in a moment, ashamed of having shown any at all, I thrust my head out of the window, awaiting my sturdy associate's further advances. He made none, and after riding some ten or fifteen minutes, I looked around. He was staring out of the window, apparently lost in reflection.

"How much did your cussed hog weigh, anyhow?" I asked, as surly as I could.

His face didn't change a muscle, though I thought his eye looked a trifle mischievous, as he replied—

"Don't know, we didn't weigh him."

Fortunately for my peace of mind he got out at the next station.

Only a Revolver.

The following incident is said to have occurred in a Utica restaurant: A man recently entered the place and ordered a very elaborate dinner. He lingered long at the table, and finally wound up with a bottle of wine. Then, lighting cigar he had ordered, leisurely sauntered up to the counter, and said to the proprietor:

"Very fine dinner, landlord; just charge it to me; I havn't got a cent."

"But I don't know you," said the proprietor, indignantly.

"Of course you don't. If you had you wouldn't let me had the dinner."

"Pay me for the dinner, I say!"

"And I say I can't."

"I'll see about that," said the proprietor, who snatched a revolver out of a drawer, leaped over the counter and collared the man, exclaiming, as he pointed it at his head, "Now see if you'll get away with that dinner without paying for it, you scoundrel."

"What is that you hold in your hand?" said the impecunious customer, drawing back.

"That, sir, is a revolver, sir."

"Oh, that's a revolver, is it? I don't care a fig for a revolver; I thought it was a stomach-pump!"

A Changeable Climate.

The preposterous ideas of some Englishmen in regard to this country are often a source of great amusement to Americans abroad. A Bostonian having been somewhat annoyed at the questions and invidious comparisons made by a party of Britons, at an English hotel, finally loaded them as follows:

"Haw! you 'ave an 'orrid changeable climate in America, 'aven't you?" said one beef-eater.

"Yes," said the American, "in some places. I remember in South Carolina one morning when I got up the thermometer was at 135 in the shade; at ten A. M. the wind changed, the thermometer fell to 20, it commenced snowing, and at one o'clock there was two feet of snow on the ground, when suddenly the wind changed, the thermometer rose to 130 in the shade, and I saw the remarkable sight of people out sleigh-riding in their shirt-sleeves."

This statement the matter-of-fact Englishmen received in open-mouthed silence, until finally, one of them, after several minutes' heavy thinking, said—

"Haw! yaas, but how could people go sleigh-riding with the thermometer at 130? ye knaw snow would 'ave melted, by Jove!"

"Oh, yes," said the American, with an unmoved countenance, "I forgot to say that the heat came on so suddenly that instead of melting the snow *it baked a thick brown crust over it*," and the Yankee walked away leaving his British cousins in a "brown" study over the wonders of the New World.—*Com. Bulletin.*

THE COMING WOMAN.

BY C. H. ST. JOHN.

Ah, who does not see that the age is at hand,
When man shall no longer be lord in the land!
When the women shall lay by the needle, and take
The sceptre and sword, the plough and the rake!
But oh, what a day of deliverance, when
The editor lays down his wearisome pen,
The mason his trowel, the joiner his square,
And the hodman no longer his burden shall bear;
When the soldier shall shoulder his musket no more,
The sailor repose, and the constable snore;
When the shipwright shall throw down his ponderous maul,
And the poor, grimy shoemaker give up his awl!
When man who has struggled for six thousand years
In the sweat of his forehead, in sorrow and tears,
Shall rest from his labor, his worry and strife,
And resign all his cares to his strong-minded wife!
Oh, brothers! how sweet, how delicious 'twill be
To sit all the morning a sipping your tea!
With nothing to do from dawning to night—
No speeches to spout, and no sermons to write;
No bargains to make, and no battles to fight,
No kindlings to split, and no fires to light.
And only to handle a fork or a ladle;
Or perhaps—very rarely—to joggle the cradle;
Very rarely, I say, for long before then,
The boys and the girls will be women and men;
And some feminine Barnum will show with her lumber,
The cradle in which the LAST BABY did slumber!

☞ Four indiscreet Iowa children—two boys and two girls—14 years of age, having become enraptured with the life of a hermit and the romances of a forest life, took to the woods for the purpose of digging a cave in the depths of the woodland, away from the cares and sorrows of civilization, to enjoy the freedom of the Gipsy or the Indian. The cruel parents, however, got wind of the affair before the wanderers had reached a secluded spot, and brought them home.

☞ Sickness is often the want of will, or rather the result of that want. Men and women in whom the will-power is strong resist disease, and fight against it when attacked. Courage and a determined purpose will ofttimes prevent the approach of illness. The mind, the imagination, is wonderfully powerful to affect the body. In times of prevailing sickness it is well to bear these truths in mind.

☞ "So you are going to keep a school?" said a young lady to her aunt. "Well, for my part, sooner than do that, I would marry a widower with nine children." "I should prefer that myself," was the quiet reply, "but where is the widower?"

☞ A mind which it isn't worth while to have—one that looks after other people's business.

AGRICULTURAL.

Special Crops.

If it were safe for farmers to place their chief reliance on any one crop under any circumstances, cotton at the South would seem to be that crop. But with all the facts and circumstances which have been urged in favor of cotton as a specialty, the experiment is generally admitted to have been disastrous to planters.

On this point we find a statement by a correspondent of the Southern Cultivator that we think worth the attention of those who advise northern farmers to devote their attention to some one crop and of those who propose to follow such advice. The name of this correspondent is G. W. Stokes, Wooten, Lee Co., Geo. Southern agricultural writers generally back their statements with their own sign-manual. We admire this fashion. There is a frankness, manliness, honesty of purpose apparent in this style, which is lacking when one adopts any sort of fiction for a signature.

Mr. Stokes is a planter, employing about sixty hands on his own land, and is also a merchant and furnishes supplies to from forty to sixty of his neighboring planters, taking the produce of their plantations or farms in payment in the fall. He says:—

I find that those who buy both corn and meat (all they use) never have any surplus money left; that those who buy all their meat, and only a portion of their corn, have money over, in proportion to quantity of corn purchased; and that those who raise all their corn, even when they buy all their meat, are doing very well. The few who raise both corn and meat, make money very fast. These I know to be facts, in the face of the argument, that the same acre that yields 15 to 20 bushels of corn, worth $20 to $30, will yield 700 pounds to 1,000 pounds seed cotton, worth from $35 to $75. It is difficult to explain why corn purchased costs so much, and that raised on the farm is so cheap; yet I know, and no doubt thousands of observant planters know, that he who buys all his provisions, never has any surplus cotton money.

I am inclined to think that the bought corn does not really cost so much, but that the principal explanation of these facts, is that a good planter can raise nearly a full crop of cotton, and at the same time raise an ample supply of corn, because with good management the heaviest of the work in the corn crop is past, before the heaviest of the cotton crop begins, so that he who plants cotton alone, loses enough time to raise his corn, for the simple reason that without any corn crop at all, he can raise very little more cotton than he could had he a sufficient corn crop planted.

Now if it is a fact, that a planter who raises no corn or meat, has never had any surplus money since the close of the war, with cotton ranging high all the time, except 1867, how can we expect anything but ruin, the very first year our cotton crop is cut off, or the price is low? If our people had raised their corn and meat in 1866, '67, they would not have cared a straw for the low prices of cotton in the latter year named, even if the speculators could have controlled the price, and kept it down. I live in as good a cotton and corn region as I have seen anywhere, and we are highly favored this year, although our crops are not full, yet they are so much better than they are in most sections, that we certainly ought to feel thankful. I travelled over most of the West and North the past summer, and having seen the effects of the drought upon the corn crop, and I pity the cotton maker, who has not raised (at least) his corn this year.

How to Kill Lice on Cattle.

A correspondent, "R. N.," of the Country Gentleman, "dissolved about a pint of strong soft soap in a pail of warm, soft water, and saturated the whole surface of a lousy cow's body with it; after about thirty minutes, repeated the operation, and in thirty minutes longer took a pail of clean warm water and quickly and thoroughly washed out all the soap water and dead lice in large quantities, put her in a warm stable and covered her with a dry blanket. The next day, after being thoroughly dried, she looked, and seemed to feel, like a new animal; more than doubled her quantity of milk within twenty-four hours, and immediately commenced gaining flesh and general thriftiness."

Heaves in Horses.

Seeing spearmint and other articles recommended for horses prompts me to mention my experience with another valuable herb in the cure of this distressing and troublesome complaint. Feed no hay to the horse for 36 or 48 hours, and give only a pailful of water at a time. Then throw an armful of well cured smartweed before him, and let him eat all he will. In all cases where the cells of the lungs are not broken down, great relief if not a perfect cure will follow. I have seen a horse, with the heaves as bad as I ever saw, cured by one dose. Smartweed is valuable for many purposes, and should be laid away for use when needed.—*Dr. Ransom.*

OVER-BEARING FRUIT TREES.—A British pomologist (Dr. Lindley) writes thus:—"The bending of branches of trees by an over crop of fruit is most injurious; for the pores of the woody stalk are strained on one side of the band and compressed on the other; hence, the vessels through which the requisite nourishment flows being partially closed, the growth of the fruit is retarded in proportion to the straining and compression of the stalk."

RECEIPTS.

BOILED TURKEY.—Fill the body with oysters, and let it boil by steam, without any water. When sufficiently done, take it up; strain the gravy that will be found in the pan; thicken it with a little flour and butter, add the liquor of the oysters intended for sauce, also stewed, and warm the oysters up in it; whiten it with a little boiled cream, and pour it over the turkey.

VENISON STEAKS.—Cut them from the neck; season them with pepper and salt. When the gridiron has been well-heated over a bed of bright coals, grease the bars and lay the steaks upon it. Broil them well, turning them once, and taking care to save as much of the gravy as possible. Serve them up with some currant jelly laid on each steak.

SPARERIB.—Should be basted with a very little butter and a little flour, and then sprinkled with dried sage crumbled. Serve apple-sauce in a boat.

SCALLOPED OYSTERS.—Toast several pieces of bread brown, and butter them on both sides; take a baking-dish, and put the toast round the sides, instead of a crust; pour your oysters into the dish, and season with salt, pepper, butter, and mace or cloves. Crumb bread on the top, and bake in a quick oven quarter of an hour.

ANOTHER WAY.—Grease well a baking-dish with butter, throw fine bread-crumbs about in it until they adhere on all sides; have a bowl of seasoned bread-crumbs ready, and lay oysters into the dish, so as to cover the bottom of it; then sprinkle crumbs over them and a small piece of butter; then another layer of oysters, covered in the same way with crumbs, until the dish is full; cover the last layer rather more thickly with crumbs, and lay several pieces of butter here and there over it; bake it until it is nicely brown—not too long, or the oysters will be hard.

SACK POSSET.—Four ounces of fine brown sugar, a pint of sweet wine or sack, and a nutmeg; let them simmer till the sugar is dissolved; beat ten eggs, and put them on the fire to warm with a quart of milk; stir them one way to prevent curdling; when cold, mix all together, and put it on the fire to warm, but not to boil. Serve quite hot.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 44 letters.
My 1, 5, 8, 23, is a wild animal.
My 2, 21, 14, 24, is a period of time.
My 4, 25, 37, 31, is given in lieu of plainly expressed words.
My 36, 4, 25, 30, 23, is the absence of all color.
My 9, 25, 40, 37, 41, 44, is a regular meal.
My 10, 18, 28, 34, 43, 44, is what some people are fond of.
My 14, 15, 20, is a girl's name.
My 16, 19, 20, 21, is a word that implies conclusion.
My 7, 9, 16, is singular.
My 17, 18, 23, 19, 40, is a poet.
My 11, 22, 26, 38, 44, is resemblance.
My whole is a Spanish proverb.

AMANDA E. PITT.

Geographical Enigma.

I am composed of 33 letters.
My 1, 7, 14, 6, 3, is a county in Indiana.
My 3, 9, 14, 3, is a county in Ohio.
My 5, 13, 4, 24, 27, is a county in Georgia.
My 7, 26, 20, 17, is a county in Kentucky.
My 9, 2, 10, 13, is a county in Tennessee.
My 11, 17, 19, 25, 26, 20, 17, is a county in Georgia.
My 13, 18, 14, 6, 15, 8, 32, is a county in Kentucky.
My 15, 21, 13, 14, 22, is a county in New York.
My 17, 27, 20, 20, 10, 16, is a county in North Carolina.
My 19, 22, 6, 14, 24, 24, is a county in Kentucky.
My 20, 23, 27, is a county in Missouri.
My 24, 21, 21, is a county in Illinois.
My 25, 14, 4, 6, is a county in Virginia.
My 26, 11, 7, 15, 5, 32, is a county in Arkansas.
My 29, 6, 29, 16, 29, is a county in Mississippi.
My 30, 26, 28, 18, 14, 6, 23, is a county in Arkansas.
My 32, 31, 17, 21, 28, is a county in New York.
My whole is an old saying. LILLY.

Kirtland, O.

Probability Problem.

A triangle is formed by joining three points taken at random in the surface of a given circle. Required—the probability that the triangle is acute.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

The square of the area of a plane equilateral triangle is 768 perches. Required—the area of the largest square inscribed within it. O. R. SHELDON.

Shiloh Hill, Randolph Co., Ill.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Who is the oldest lunatic on record? Ans.—Time out of mind.

☞ What is the best way to prevent seasickness? Ans.—Keep on shore.

☞ Why are young ladies like wise men? Ans.—Because they are full of sense (scents.)

☞ What key locks up the greatest number of criminals? Ans.—Whiskey.

☞ What is the difference between a sleigh and a locomotive? Ans.—One drives on runners, the other runs on drivers.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and Saint Louis Railway Line—Pan Handle Route. CHARADE—Craft. (Raft, Aft.)

Answers to A. Martin's PROBLEM of Oct. 23d.—0.0566—A. Martin. 4-27—J. N. Soders. ½—J. M. Greenwood, S. M. Pickler. ½—W. J. Barrett.

Answer to F. M. Priest's PROBLEM of same date.—11,3956 years—F. M. Priest, W. J. Barrett, J. M. Greenwood, S. M. Pickler, J. N. Soders.

Answer to Felix's PROBLEM of same date.—36½ lbs.—Felix. $2 89-100—J. N. Soders. $3.9692—J. M. Greenwood, S. M. Pickler.

Answers to Felix's PROBLEM of Oct. 30th.—An answer to Felix's problem cannot be found by any one, as his presumptions are not facts, because he requires a change of Saturday to Sunday at high noon, which is an impossibility. The only way the question could be approached with correctness would be to establish a dividing line of the days somewhere on the globe. We would say when he starts on Saturday noon, now it's twelve o'clock at night in China, or opposite his starting point, and there Sunday would virtually commence, and he would travel twelve hours on Saturday till he arrived at the dividing line, and he would there change immediately from Saturday noon to Sunday noon, but an answer as he (Felix) requires cannot be given by any person. W. J. Barrett. The traveller would be informed "It is Sunday" after passing over 180 degrees West from Philadelphia. If it was midday when he started from Philadelphia on Saturday, it would be midnight Saturday 180 degrees east, and midnight Friday 180 deg. West. So after keeping pace with the sun the 180 deg. or twelve hours, it is midnight Saturday at Philadelphia and midday Sunday 180 deg. East, and midday Saturday 180 deg. West. So as soon as he inquires "the day" after he begins to travel East on his way back to Philadelphia, he finds "Sunday." As an approximate, I will say he will gain this information in the Chinese Empire, on the borders of Corea, on an arm of the Yellow Sea. Charles C. Chambers.

Wind Ridge, Green Co., Pa.

TO HASH COLD VENISON.—Cut the meat in nice small slices, and put the trimmings and bones into a saucepan, with barely water enough to cover them, and an onion. Let them stew for two hours; then strain the liquid into a stew-pan; add to it some bits of butter rolled in flour, and whatever gravy was left of the venison. Stir in some currant jelly, and boil it half an hour; then put in the meat and a glass of port wine; keep it over the fire just long enough to warm it through, but do not allow it to boil.

MOCK DUCK.—Procure a steak cut from the rump of beef, and fill it with a dressing made of chopped bread, pork, sage, onions, and sweet marjoram, and well-seasoned. Sew it up, put a slice or two of pork or some of the dressing on the top, and set it in a pan, into which pour a pint of water. Cover down tight, and let it cook slowly in the oven three hours; then take off the lid, brown quickly, and serve hot.